THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE RETURNED VOLUNTEER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY H. M. PRATT.

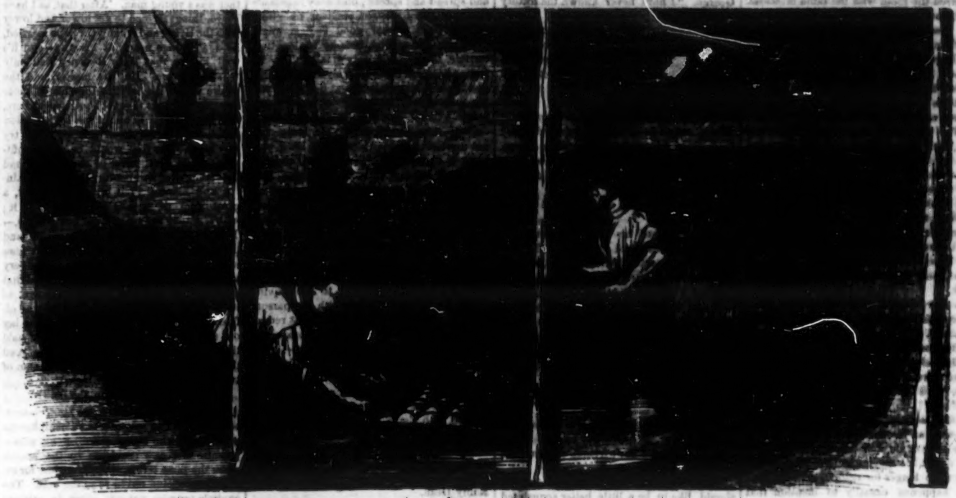
"Yes, he is come." "Oh, God, be merciful!
Is this my child? is this indeed my own?
These thin, white hands—these pale lips pitiful—
These sunken eyes—this forehead cold as stone?"

"My brother! speak but this once more to me!
He never will—he never will again!"
"Poor boy!" "Dear boy!" "He went so cheerily!"
And tears of friends fall like the falling rain.

Friends come and go, and many weep aloud
O'er the young face so worn with want and pain;
The face that was so bright and beautiful,
As haggard now as one by famine slain.

One lingers near him when the rest depart;
In the dusk hour stands with her dead alone;
"Died in thy country's service, noble heart!
I cannot mourn thee,—thou art still mine own.

"True to thy country to the latest breath,—
Noble and pure as human heart can be,—
Still thou art mine: though parted thus by Death,
I cannot mourn thee,—I shall come to thee."



ARMY OVENS, NOW IN USE, SUGGESTED BY GENERAL HOOKER TO SUPPLY THE PLACE OF "HARD TACK."

That the soldiers of our army are having freshly baked bread instead of the Adamantine "hard tack," which has hitherto formed a part of their rations, is due to the sensible suggestion of General Hooker. By means of certain simply-contrived ovens, the loaves are easily and expeditious'y baked. The bread now furnished to the troops is light, white, and in every respect of the first quality. The General deserves the thanks of the boys for this instance of his regard for their comfort.—*N. Y. Illustrated News.*

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

LOOKING ON THE DEAD.

Some one had come hastily in at the door, sending it back with a burst. A lovely girl, in flowing white evening dress, and blue ribbons in her hair. A heavy shawl, which she had worn on her shoulders, fell to the ground; and she stood there, panting, like one who has outrun her breath, her fair curls glowing, her cheeks crimson, her dark-blue eyes glistening. On the pretty arms, about half-way up, were clasped some coral bracelets, and a thin gold chain, bearing a cross, rested on her neck. It was Maude Trevlyn, whom you saw at Trevlyn Hold last night. So entirely out of place did she look altogether in that scene, that Nora for once lost her tongue.—She could only stare.

"I ran away, Nora," said Maude, coming forward. "Octave has got a party, but they won't miss me if I stay but a little while. I have wanted to come all day, but they would not let me."

"Who would not?" asked Nora.

"Not any of them. Even Aunt Edith.—Nora, is it *true*? Is it true that he is dead?" she reiterated, her pretty hands clasped together in emotion, and her great blue eyes glistening with tears as they were cast upwards at Nora's, waiting for the answer.

"Oh, Miss Maude, you might have heard it was true enough up at the Hold. And so they have got a party, have they! Some folks in Madam Chattaway's place might have had the grace to put it off, when their sister's husband was lying dead?"

"It is not Aunt Edith's fault. You know it is not, Nora. George, you know it. She has been crying several times to-day; and she asked long and long ago for the bull to be sent off. But he was not. Oh, George, I am so sorry! I wish I could have come to see him before he died. There was nobody I liked so well as Mr. Ryle."

"Will you have some tea?" asked Nora.

"No, I must not stop. Should Octave miss me she will tell of me, and then I should be punished. What do you think? Rupert displeased Cris in some way, and Miss Trevlyn sent him to bed out of all the pleasure. It is a shame!"

"It is all a shame together up at Trevlyn Hold—all that concerns Rupert," said Nora, not, perhaps, very judiciously.

"Nora, where did he die?" asked Maude, in a whisper. "Did they take him up to his bedroom when they brought him home?"

"They carried him in there," said Nora, pointing to the sitting-room door. "He is lying there now."

"Nora, I want to see him," she continued. Nora received the intimation dubiously.

"I don't know whether you had better," said she.

"Yes, I must, Nora; I should like to.—What was that about the dog?" added Maude. "Did he scratch out a grave before the porch?"

"Who told you anything about that?" asked Nora, sharply.

"Ann Canham came and told it at the Hold. Was it so, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

"A great hole, Miss Maude, nearly big enough to lay him in. Not that I thought it was a token for *him;* I thought of Jim Sanders. And some folks laugh at these warnings!" she added, in a burst of feeling. "There sits one," pointing to George.

"Well, never mind it now, Nora," said George, hastily. Never was there a boy less given to superstition; but, somehow, with his father lying there, he did not care to hear much about the mysterious hole.

Maude rose from her chair. "Take me in to see him, Nora," she pleaded.

"Will you promise not to be frightened?" asked Nora. "Some young people can't endure the sight of the dead."

"Why should I be frightened?" returned Maude. "He cannot hurt me."

Nora took the candle and moved towards the door, Maude following. But it was now George's turn to interfere. He pulled Nora back, and gently laid hold of Maude.

"Don't go, Maude. Nora, you must not let her go in. It—it—she might not like it. It would not be right."

Now, of all things, Nora had a dislike to be dictated to, especially by those whom she called children. She saw no reason why Maude should not look upon the dead if she had a mind to do so, and she gave a sharp word of reprimand to George, in an undertone. How could they speak loud, entering into that presence?

"Maude, Maude!" he whispered. "I would advise you not to go in."

"Yes, yes, let me go, George!" she pleaded. "I should like to see him once again. I did not see him for a whole week before he died. The last time I ever saw him was one day in the copse, and he got down some hazel nuts for me. I never thanked him," she added, the tears streaming from her eyes; "I was in a hurry to get home, and I never stayed to thank him. I shall always be sorry for it. I must see him, George."

Nora was already in the room with the candle. Maude advanced on tip-toe, her heart beating, her breath held with awe.—She halted at the foot of the table, looked eagerly upwards, and saw— What was it that she saw?

A white, ghastly face, with its white bands tied up round it, and its closed eyes. Maude Trevlyn had never looked upon the dead, and her heart gave a great bound of terror, as she fell away with a loud, convulsive shriek. Before Nora knew well what had occurred, George had her in the other room, his arms wound about her, to impart a sense of protection. Nora came out and closed the door, vexed with herself for having allowed her to enter.

"You should have told me you had never seen anybody dead before, Miss Maude," cried she, testily. "How was I to know? And you ought to have come right up to the top before you turned your eyes on it. Of course, glancing up from the foot, they look bad."

Maude was clinging to George, trembling excessively and sobbing hysterically.

"Don't be angry with me," she whispered. "I did not think he would be like that."

"Oh, Maude, dear, I am not angry; I am only sorry," he soothingly said. "There's nothing really to be frightened at. Papa loved you very much; almost as much as he loved me."

Nora made her sit down, and gave her a cup of hot tea. By dint of talking and coaxing, they got her partially to forget her fright, and she said at length that she dare not stay longer.

"I will take you back, Maude," said George.

"Yes, please," she eagerly said. "I should not dare to go alone now. I should be fancying I saw—I saw—you know. That it was looking out to me from the hedges."

Nora folded her shawl well over her again, and George drew her close to him, that she might feel his presence as well as see it. Nora watched them down the path, right over the hole which the restless dog had favored them with.

"Stupid child!" was Nora's peevish exclamation. "Why couldn't she have just opened her lips, and said she'd never seen a corpse before? I should not have allowed her to go in then. I know what the first sight is to the young. When they took me in to see my old aunt, I was in convulsions pretty near for a day afterwards. But then I was years younger than is Maude Trevlyn."

They went on up the road, George and the young girl. An involuntary shudder shook George's frame as he passed the turning which led to the fatal field. He seemed to see his father in the unequal conflict.—Maude felt the movement, and drew closer to him.

"It is never going to be out again, George," said she.

"What?" he asked, his thoughts buried deeply just then.

"The bull. I heard Aunt Diana talking to Mr. Chattaway. She said it must not be set at liberty again, or we might have the law down upon Trevlyn Hold."

"Yes; that's all Miss Trevlyn and he care for—the law," returned George, in a tone of pain. "What do they care for the death of my father?"

"George, he is better off," said she, in a dreamy manner, her face turned upwards towards the stars. "I am very sorry; I have cried a great deal to-day over it; and I wish it had never happened; I wish he was back with us: but still he is better off."

"Yes," answered George, his heart very full.

"Mamma and papa are better off," continued Maude. "Your own mamma is better off. The next world is a happier one than this."

It was early time yet for George Ryle to believe in such consolation; he had not overgot the first anguish of the sting.

"I hope you will not take cold, Maude," he said, quitting the subject.

"How can I, with this great shawl over me?"

"Your head is uncovered."

"It will not hurt me; I am used to it, George," she resumed, after a pause, "I will tell you who is sorry, I think as sorry as I am; and that is Aunt Edith."

"Yes, I knew she would be."

His tone did not appear to invite further communication. In truth, favorite though Maude was with George Ryle, those were heavy moments for him. They proceeded along in silence until they turned in at the great gate by the lodge. The lodge was a round building, containing two rooms up and two down. Its walls were not very substantially built, and the sound of voices could be heard from the window. Maude stopped in consternation.

"George! George! that is Rupert talking!"

"Rupert! You told me he was in bed!"

"He was sent to bed. He must have got out of the window again. I am sure it is his voice. Oh, what will be done if it is found out!"

George Ryle swung himself on the top of the very narrow ledge which ran along underneath the window, contriving to hold on by his hands and toes. The inside shutters ascended only three parts up the window, and George thus obtained a view of the room above them.

"Yes, it is Rupert," said he, as he jumped down. "He is sitting there talking to old Canham."

But the same slightness of structure which allowed inside noises to be heard without the lodge, allowed outside noises to be heard within. Ann Canham had come hastening to the door, opened it a few inches and stood peeping out. Maude took the opportunity to slip past her into the room.

But no trace of her brother was there. Mark Canham was sitting in his usual invalid seat by the fire, smoking a pipe, his back towards the door.

"Where is he gone?" cried Maude.

"Where's who gone?" roughly spoke old Canham, without turning his head. "There ain't anybody here."

"Father, it's Miss Maude," interposed Ann Canham, closing the outer door, after allowing George to enter. "Who be you a taking her for?"

The old man, partly disabled by rheumatism, put down his pipe, and contrived to turn in his chair.

"Ah, Miss Maude! Why who'd ever have thought of seeing you to-night?"

"Where is Rupert gone?" asked Maude.

"Rupert?" composedly returned old Canham. "Is it Master Rupert you're asking after? How should we know where he is, Miss Maude?"

"We saw him here," interposed George Ryle. "He was sitting on that bench, talking to you. We both heard his voice, and I saw him."

"Very odd!" said the old man. "Fancy goes a great way. Folks is oftimes deluded by it."

"Mark Canham, I tell you, we—"

"Wait a minute, George," interrupted Maude. She opened the door which led into the other room, and stood with it in her hand, looking into the darkness. "Rupert!" she called out, "it is only I and George Ryle. You need not bide yourself."

It brought forth Rupert, that lovely boy with his large blue eyes and his auburn curls. There was a great likeness between him and Maude; but Maude's hair was lighter.

"I thought it was Cris," he said. "He is learning to be as sly as a fox: though I don't know that he was ever anything else. When I am ordered to bed before my time, he has taken to dodge into the room every ten minutes to see that I am safe in it. Have they missed me, Maude?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I came away, too, without their knowing it. I have been down to Aunt Ryle's, and George has brought me back again."

"Will you be pleased to sit down, Miss Maude?" asked Ann Canham, dusting a chair.

"Eh, but that's a pretty picture!" cried old Canham, gazing at Maude, who had let her heavy shawl slip off, and stood warming her hands at the fire.

Mark Canham was right. A very pretty picture, she, with her flowing white dress, her neck and arms, and the blue ribbons in her falling hair. He extended the one hand that was not helpless, and laid it on her wrist.

"Miss Maude, I mind me seeing your mother looking just as you look now. The squire was out, and the young ladies at the Hold thought they'd give a dance, and Parson Dean and Miss Emily were invited to it. I don't know that they'd have been asked if the squire had been at home, matters not being smooth between him and the parson. She was older than you be; but she was dressed just as you be now; and I could fancy as I look at you, that it was her over again. I was in the rooms, helping to wait, handing round the negus and things. Eh, me! but it doesn't seem so long ago! Miss Emily was the sweetest-looking of 'em all present; and the young heir seemed to think so. He opened the ball with Miss Emily in spite of his sisters; they wanted him to choose somebody grander. Ah, me! and both of 'em lying low so soon after, leaving you two behind 'em!"

"Mark!" cried Rupert, earnestly, casting his eyes on the old man, eyes that sparkled with excitement; "if they had lived, my papa and mamma, I should not have been sent to bed to-night because there's another party at Trevlyn Hold."

Mark's only answer was to put up his hands with an indignant gesture. Ann Canham was still offering the chair to Maude. Maude declined it.

"I cannot stop, Ann Canham. They will be missing me if I don't return. Rupert, you will come?"

"To be mured in my bed-room, while the rest of you are enjoying yourselves," cried Rupert. "They would like to get the spirit out of me; they have been trying at it a long while."

Maude wound her arm within his. "Do come, Rupert!" she coaxingly whispered. "Think of the disturbance if Cris should find you here, and tell!"

"And tell!" repeated Rupert, his tone a mocking one. "*Not* to tell would be impossible to Cris Chattaway. It's what he'd delight in, more than in gold."

But Rupert appeared to think it well to depart with his sister. As they were going out, old Canham spoke to George.

"And Miss Trevlyn, sir—how does she bear it? Forgive me, I'm always a forgetting myself and going back to the old days. 'Twas but a week agone I called Madam 'Miss Edith' to her face. I should ha' said Mrs. Ryle, sir."

"She bears it very well, Mark," answered George.

Something, George himself could not have told what, caused him not to bear it well just then. The tears rushed to his eyes unbidden, as he answered, and they hung trembling on the lashes. The old man marked it.

"There's one comfort for ye, Master George," he said, in a low tone; "that he has took all his neighbors' sorrow with him. And as much couldn't be said if every gentleman round about here was cut off by death."

The significant tone was not needed to tell George that the words "every gentleman" was meant for Mr. Chattaway. The master of Trevlyn Hold was, in fact, no greater favorite with old Canham than he was with George Ryle.

"Mind how you get in, Master Rupert, that they don't fall upon you," whispered Ann Canham, as she held open the lodge door.

"I'll mind, Ann Canham," was the boy's answer. "Not that I should care much if they did," he added in the next breath. "I am getting tired of it."

She stood and watched them up the dark walk, until a turning in the road hid them from view, and then closed the door. "If they don't take to treat him kinder, I misdoubt me but that he'll be doing something desperate, as the dead-and-gone young heir, Rupert, did," she remarked, sitting down by her father.

"Likely enough," was the old man's reply, taking up his pipe again. "He have got the true Trevlyn temper, have young Master Rupert."

"I say, Maude," began Rupert, as they wound their way up the dark avenue, "don't they know you came out?"

"They would not have let me come if they had known it," replied Maude. "I have been wanting to go down all day, but Aunt Diana and Octave kept me in. I cried to go down last night when Bill Webb brought the news; and they were angry with me."

"Do you know what I should have done in Chattaway's place, George?" cried the boy, impulsively. "I should have loaded my gun the minute I heard of it, and shot the beast between the eyes. Chattaway would if he were half a man."

"It is of no use talking of it, Rupert," answered George, in a sadly subdued tone. "It would not have mended the evil."

"How shall you bear to see the animal again?"

"I hope I never shall see him again. I should not bear it very well."

"Only fancy their having this rout to-night, while Mr. Ryle is lying dead!" indignantly exclaimed Rupert. "Aunt Edith ought to have interfered for once, and stopped it."

"Aunt Edith did interfere," spoke up Maude. "She said it must be put off. But Octave would not hear of it, and Miss Trevlyn said Mr. Ryle was no blood rela—"

Maude dropped her voice. They were now in view of the house, of its lighted windows, and some one, hearing probably their footsteps, came bearing down upon them with a fleet step. It was Cris Chattaway. Rupert stole amidst the trees; Maude, holding George's arm, bore bravely on and met him.

"Where have you been, Maude? The house has been searched over for you. What brings you here?" he roughly added to George.

"I came because I chose," was George's answer.

"Come! none of that insolence," returned Cris. "We don't want you here to-night. Just be off from this."

Was Cris Chattaway's motive a good one, under his rudeness? Did he feel ashamed of the gayety going on while Mr. Ryle, his uncle by marriage, was lying dead, under circumstances so unhappy? Was he anxious to conceal the unseemly proceeding from George? Perhaps so.

"I shall go back when I have taken Maude to the hall door," said George. "Not before."

Anything that might have been said further by Cris, was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Trevlyn. She was standing on the steps.

"Where have you been, Maude?"

"To Trevlyn farm, Aunt Diana," was Maude's truthful answer. "You would not let me go in the day, so I have been now. It seemed to me that I must see him, before he was put under ground."

"To see *him!*" cried Miss Trevlyn.

"Yes. It was all I went for. I did not see my aunt. Thank, you, George, for bringing me home," she continued, stepping in. "Good-night. I would have given all I have for it never to have happened."

She burst into a passionate flood of tears as she spoke, the result, no doubt, of her previous fright and excitement, as well as of her sorrow for Mr. Ryle's unhappy fate. George wrung her hand, and lifted his hat to Miss Trevlyn as he turned away.

But ere he had well plunged into the dark avenue, there came swift and stealthy steps behind him. A soft hand was laid upon him, and a soft voice spoke, broken by its tears.

"Oh, George, I am so sorry! I have felt all day as if it would almost be my death. I would have given my own life to save his."

"I know, I know," he answered. "I know how *you* will feel it." And George, utterly unmanned, burst into tears, and sobbed with her.

It was Mrs. Chattaway.

CHAPTER VII.

A TALE TOLD TO GEORGE.

Nora sat working by the light of the candle. A brave spirit in general, hers, (for her superstitious fancies, touching dogs, "warnings," and sundry other marvels, did not disturb her own equanimity,) she yet was feeling an unusual sense of depression now. The house seemed so still, so lonely! Molly had been sent out on an errand; George had gone to see Maude Trevlyn safe to the Hold, after that young lady's somewhat wild night-visit to them in her gala dress; and Mrs. Ryle and her son were away up stairs, giving forth neither sound nor token of their presence. Ominously lonely it grew and what was lying within that adjacent door, began to make the sense of its presence undesirably near.

She rose suddenly, turned round, and gave the fire a long and vigorous poke; anything for a divertisement. It was an old-fashioned grate, with a top bar that let up and down at pleasure, to accommodate saucepans. Just now the bar was down, and Nora began to raise it vigorously with a great noise. It prevented her hearing footsteps outside, coming up the path with a measured tread. Nora put the poker down and was resuming her seat, when a sharp knock sounded on the porch door. She gave a jump. Unprepared for it, and coming in conjunction with her present state of feelings, it startled her greatly.

"Come in," she called out.

There was no response—except a second knocking. Nora went and opened the door. Two men with caps on their heads stood there, bearing something on their shoulders.

"Good-evening, Miss Dickson. We have brought the shell."

Nora threw wide the door, and the men traversed the room with the same measured tread, and entered the apartment where the dead was lying. Nora gave them a light, and then went up stairs to Mrs. Ryle.

A large, comfortable room, with a fire in it and a bed at the far end. Mrs. Ryle had her late husband's desk open before her, and the table was covered with papers. She seemed very busy.

"The carpenter's men have brought the shell," said Nora. "Didn't that beadle, who was here about the inquest, say something to the effect that things were to be left as they were until the jury had sat?"

"I think he did," replied Mrs. Ryle.

"Well, they have gone in, and are putting the master into it."

"It cannot be of any consequence," said Mrs. Ryle, after a pause. "There can be no doubt, unfortunately, as to the cause of death."

As Nora turned to leave the room again, her eyes fell on Trevlyn, fast asleep in an arm-chair.

"He'd be better in bed," said she.

"He feels timid at going to-night," returned Mrs. Ryle. "He won't be coaxed to it, until George is ready to go with him."

Nora descended. A few minutes, and the men were at liberty to depart. Nora drew them a jug of ale, and talked to them while they drank it. She might have been glad to keep them longer for company's sake, but they happened casually to mention that they had work yet to do that night at the shop. Nora stood at the door when they departed, holding the candle above her head, to light them down the path. A mark of courtesy which was certainly due to Nora's wish of retaining a sense of their companionship up to the last possible moment, rather than from any anxiety about their not finding their way.

As might be proved by her standing there after the men had passed out from the garden and had turned towards the lower road, the one which led direct to the village. Almost immediately, George, coming from the upper road, turned in at the gate.

"What are you standing there for, Nora?" he asked.

"The carpenter's men have been here," answered Nora, shortly. "I was lighting them away. I'm glad you are come, George! I was beginning to have the shivers, all here by myself. I wish I was behind that Molly!—stopping out twice as long as she need! It is invariably the case, if she does get sent out."

George sat down, leaning his head on his hand, in a weary sort of manner. He was tired of the unhappy day, the only truly miserable one he had ever experienced. Nora—blithe now, comparatively speaking resettled herself to her work, and sewed with alacrity.

"Nora, only think of their having a party there to-night!" he cried presently. "And papa lying dead."

"It's just what I should expect them to have," replied Nora. "Let the Trevlyns alone for taking things coolly. There's your mamma buried up to her eyes in papers out of the master's desk; just as composedly as though he had only gone on a ride to Barmester, and might be expected in any minute to his supper. Madam Chattaway's a little different: she follows her mother, more than she does the squire; but for your mamma and Miss Diana, they are Trevlyns all over."

George made no reply.

"Not but what the missis is right," resumed Nora. "She knows that Chattaway will overreach her if he can do it; and it's well she should look into things, and master her position at once, so as to be prepared for Chattaway when it comes to the set-to. There *will* be a set-to," defiantly added Nora.

"Can he turn us out, Nora?"

"Of course he can. Did you not hear the poor master say so with his dying breath? Not that I think he will."

"You don't!" exclaimed George.

"No, I don't," repeated Nora. "You might search Barmester through and not find a man as selfishly alive to his own interest as Chattaway. And he must know that, if he lets Mrs. Ryle stop in the farm there's more chance of his being paid the old debt than there will be if he turns her out of it."

"But if he were to turn us out, I expect he would sell up, and pay himself that way."

"Tush!" said Nora, slightingly. "If he sold up every stick and stone, it would not pay the debt."

"Why! how much is it?" asked George.

"It was two thousand pounds at first."

"Two thousand pounds!" echoed George, dismayed. The sum, to him, appeared one of magnitude.

"Some has been paid off," she continued. "But I dare say there's a matter of fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds owing still. And the poor master never thought he should have been called on to pay a shilling. No wonder he was exasperated against Chattaway."

"Was it borrowed money?"

"Well, it was and it wasn't," tartly returned Nora, "if you can make that out."

"No, I can't," said George.

"It's easy enough to those that understand it."

"But I do not understand it," replied George. "I have never known the history of these past things."

"And where was the use of your knowing it?" demanded Nora. "Children need not have their noses pushed into everything. It was not any such pleasant subject to talk about, either."

George paused.

"Nora," said he, quietly, "don't you think it might be as well if I knew it now? It appears to me that I ought to do so. As to my being a child, I don't suppose there's anybody but you would call me one."

"I didn't say you were a child now," snapped Nora.

George pushed his dark, chestnut hair from his forehead, and looked steadfastly at Nora; an earnest light in his eyes, a grave meaning in his tone.

"Had I been so much of a child hitherto—which, however, I have not; in feelings, at any rate—things are changed now. Have you forgotten, Nora, that I—" he paused, pressing down the emotion that the words called up—"I am left alone to fight with the world? Treve has his mother, but I have nobody. I had but papa, and he is gone."

"No, I don't forget it," was Nora's answer. "Never, fear, George; you'll be taken care of. When a boy's friends are removed, there's God left for him."

"I do not fear," said George. "But I should like to be a little better acquainted with our affairs than I am."

"It is a long tale," said Nora.

"There's time to tell it. Look here, Nora; it seems to me that I ought to know it; and if you won't tell me, I shall ask old Canham."

"Who said I wouldn't tell you?" retorted Nora. "There's no reason why you should not know what half the parish knows. Not that the parish could tell you the ins and outs of it as I can, for I was here on the spot, behind the scenes; and that's more than can be said for others. I was here long before your own mamma died."

"What did she die of?" asked George.

"Ah, I don't know. She was never strong. I think a great deal lies in the way children are brought up," observed Nora, lapsing into her habit of digression. "Bring 'em up hardy, as you have been brought up, and they'll make hardy men and women; but coddle 'em up, and nurse 'em, and have doctors to 'em every day in the year, and feed 'em upon physic instead of good meat and bread, and see what puny, sickly, short-lived minikins they'll turn out. Your mamma was thought to be delicate as a child, and they brought her up so, and she just dwindled away and died, leaving you a little baby. It is often the case where there's an only child," added Nora, alluding to the bringing up.

"Was she an only child?" asked George. "Nobody has ever told me much about her."

"Why, of course she was. Have you got any uncles and aunts, pray? Parson Berkeley and his wife never had but that one child, Mary; and she married your papa, and died."

Nora closed her eyes, and leaned back in her chair, lost in the retrospect. Parson Berkeley, as she called him, had been the curate of Barbrook years ago. Its rector, a dignitary high in the church, and attached to a distant cathedral, did not reside at it; in fact, was very rarely seen at it; but the Rev. George Berkeley was an efficient substitute. He had resided at the parsonage house, enjoyed the benefit of its productive garden, and one hundred a year stipend. Not a great sum; but it appeared to be sufficient for him. He was liked by rich and poor; was liked very much by Squire Trevlyn of the Hold, and was on terms of intimacy there. His daughter Mary was often with the Miss Trevlyns. She, his daughter, married Mr. Ryle, and the curate's death followed soon upon it. Some people were fond of saying that Mary Berkeley might have done better than marry plain Thomas Ryle of Trevlyn Farm; but you know other people do always settle our business better than we do. The marriage was one of inclination on both sides, and was acceptable to the parson, who was as plain in his way as was Mr. Ryle. Certainly Mrs. Ryle was not calculated for a farmer's wife, if she had had to take the management of the house, and work in it, as so many farmers' wives do work. But this she was spared. Nora Dickson, a most active young woman, had been housekeeper at the farm before the young wife came to it, and she continued there, and took the trouble from Mrs. Ryle's hands. Nora was a distant relative of the Ryles, and when she was left an orphan, old Mr. Ryle had given her a home. Nora was not one to accept a home, and not make herself useful in it. She paid for her cost over and over again in her management and work.

The Rev. George Berkeley died almost close upon his daughter's marriage. He was succeeded in the curacy by a young man, the Rev. Shafto Dean. A good man he, though somewhat self-sufficient, and very opinionated; and before he had been a month at the parsonage, he and Squire Trevlyn were at issue. Mr. Dean wished to introduce sundry new-fashioned customs in the church and parish; Squire Trevlyn held to the old; and neither would give way. The little seed of dissension grew and grew, and spread and spread; obstinacy begets obstinacy. What a slight yielding on either side, a little mutual good feeling, might have removed at first, became at length a terrible breach, a county's talk. The ill-feeling between Squire Trevlyn of the Hold and the officiating minister at Barbrook, was known far and wide. Bitter rancor and hatred existed between them; at any rate, on one side—the squire's. Mr. Dean was not married, and his sister Emily lived with him; a charming girl, lovely and amiable. She had become intimate with the Miss Trevlyns when she and her brother first arrived at the parsonage, and this intimacy was partially continued after the breach began to grow. Indeed, it was said that the younger branches of Squire Trevlyn's family liked the new curate and his sister too well to approve of their father's animosity. It was said that, unknown to the Squire, the Miss Trevlyns kept up with the parsonage an occasional intercourse. That reminiscence of Mark Canham's, spoken aloud to Maude, seemed to bear this out—"The squire was away, and so the Miss Trevlyns had invited Miss Emily and the parson to the Hold." Mark Canham said something else: that the young squire, the heir, had danced with Emily Dean, and admired her. Ah, perhaps that evening was the beginning of it! Who knows? Not so long afterwards, the heir to Trevlyn married, in defiance of his father's prejudices; married Emily Dean.

But another marriage took place about this time from Trevlyn Hold. The squire's eldest daughter, Maude, quitted it to become the second wife of Mr. Ryle. For Mr. Ryle's fair young wife, Mary Berkeley, had died. She survived her marriage with him but a year; and before another year had more than rolled over the world, Miss Trevlyn stepped into her shoes. She left Trevlyn Hold, and took up her abode at Trevlyn Farm, its widowed master's second wife, step-mother to the little baby boy, George.

Nora, as she leaned back in her chair, had her thoughts turned to these past events, and George waited with what patience he had. The past history of Trevlyn Hold was a romance in itself, and how long Nora might have been buried in its recollections it is hard to say, had George's patience not become exhausted.

"This is not telling me, Nora. How was the debt contracted to Chattaway?"

Nora awoke to external things. "The debt? Oh, that's a bit of back doings very easy to explain," she answered; and the words would seem to imply that there might be some part of "back doings" not so easy of explanation. "But the debt never was owing to Chattaway," resumed she; "and he has no more moral right to make it his, or to exact the payment of it, than I have. Nobody with a grain of justice inside them would say he had."

"Then whose was the debt?" asked George.

"Squire Trevlyn's. After your papa married Mary Berkeley, the squire took to come here a great deal. The parson came, naturally, and that brought the squire; for never were such friends in this world as the squire and Parson Berkeley. Pleasant evenings there had used to be here," added Nora, sticking her elbow on the table, and pricking her cheeks in various places with her needle's point, as she fell partially into abstraction again. "The young master and missis; the parson, with his iron-grey hair; and the squire, big and burly. You should have seen those two, George."

"Which two?" asked George.

"The master and the missis, your papa and mamma. I can tell you they were a sight for good looks. He, especially. Never a handsomer man than he: and it's said—it's said—"

"What is said?" questioned George. "I wish you'd go on, Nora."

"That but for his good looks, Miss Trevlyn never would have lowered herself to come here. *They* call it lowering; I don't. It's said that she liked his good looks before he chose Mary Berkeley—but that does not matter to you; and if I don't keep to my tale I shan't come to an end of it. Parson Berkeley, he died soon; and I never shall forget the missis's grief over it. And then there succeeded to him that other parson, Mr. Dean, who grew to be such an eyesore to the squire. If any man in this world had unjust prejudices, it was Squire Trevlyn."

"But about the old debt, Nora?"

"I am coming to it; don't be impatient. Parson Berkeley died; but the squire continued to come here. What with one thing and another, he grew to like your father uncommonly—in fact, there were few but what did—and the squire would make himself at home here in an evening, and tell the master about his grievances with the new parson. But before these grievances arose, their talk mostly fell upon the subject of crops and farming, of land generally. It was what they both understood better than anything else. Did you know, George, that in the old, old days Trevlyn Farm was your grandfather's property?"

"Of course I did," replied George. "And he got embarrassed and sold it to the Trevlyns. It never was called Trevlyn Farm until after that, when it became theirs. The Trevlyns had a mortgage on the farm and foreclosed it. That was it, was it not?"

"That was it," said Nora. "It was in the time of the squire's father, when your grandfather was a young man. After that, as I have heard, things seemed to get lower and lower with the Ryles, and when your papa married, he was as poor nearly as his wife—and it's well known that Mary Berkeley had only what she wore. He, the master, and the squire would get talking together in those sociable evenings that the squire spent here, and the master told him it was his intention to leave when the lease was out, and try and get a farm that would be more profitable. This land, never of the richest, had become poorer and poorer; it wanted draining and manuring; it wanted, in short, a great deal of money laid out upon it; which money the master did not possess.—The squire, with all his fits of passion and his overbearing sway, was a generous man enough, and would listen to reason—the very odds of Chattaway. He acknowledged that the land was poor, unproductive, next to impossible to get a living upon; and he offered to lend the money to the master to lay out upon it, as much as was needful, if he'd like to pay him five per cent. interest. And the master accepted it, and had the sum of two thousand pounds."

"Which was laid out on the land?"

"Which was laid out on the land," assented Nora. "The master gave a bond for the money, and the squire gave on his side a promise to renew the lease to the master upon the same terms, when the time for renewal came, and not to raise the rent. The squire's promise was not given in writing; but his word was as good as his pen, and the master trusted it as such. Rare and pleased the master was to have the money to lay out, for the land's sake, and it soon became a little more like what a farm ought to be. Then came the death of your mamma, and next arose that unpleasantness between us and the Hold, when Miss Trevlyn became your father's second wife. It was not the squire who got it up; but for his being set against it at home, he would have got over it easily enough; he always liked the master—"

"Who set him against it?" interrupted George.

"Chattaway and Miss Diana Trevlyn.—Poor Mrs. Chattaway never had an ill word to say for anybody, but the other two kept up the ball. If she had gone and married a parish pauper out of the workhouse, they could not have made it out worse. They had a motive: Chattaway especially. He wanted Trevlyn Hold left to him, and Mrs. Ryle, being the squire's eldest daughter, might have stood in his way: it served their turn to excite the squire against her. He was getting partially childish, too. I never saw a man fall off at the last in mind as did Squire Trevlyn."

"But about the debt, Nora?" reiterated George, believing he never should come to the elucidation of it.

"Ay, about the debt. When the squire was on his death-bed, the master went up to Trevlyn Hold. Chattaway was away that day, and Miss Diana was away, and the coast was clear, and the master got to see the squire. It was a very pleasant interview. They were together an hour, and the squire he held the master's hand, and told him things would go on as to the farm just as they had gone on. He told him that Chattaway, who would inherit after him, knew of the promise he had given to renew the lease on the same terms, and would hold to it. The squire said he was sorry for the ill-feeling that had arisen on account of his daughter Maude's marriage to him, and he freely forgave it, and to prove that he did, he would cancel the bond given for the two thousand pounds, and the master might count it as his daughter's fortune.—He had his box of papers brought to him, intending to give the bond up to the master at once; but the bond was not in it, and the squire said he supposed Chattaway had got it in the large bureau. It would be all the same, he said, he would have it destroyed when Chattaway returned: and he repeated that he there and then made him, the master, a present of the money. George! the first thing Chattaway did after the squire died, was to press for the payment of the bond! The next thing he did was to raise the rent—and raise it shamefully."

"What a bad man! And he knew of the squire's promise?"

"He knew it fully. The squire, in the presence of his two daughters, Mrs. Chattaway and Miss Diana, gave Chattaway charge about it, and told him to burn the bond.—Chattaway kept it, and has been enforcing it ever since. What with the raised rent, what with the interest on the bond, and the paying part of it off, I can tell you that the master has not known how to keep his head above water."

"I wonder what Chattaway calls himself!" indignantly exclaimed George.

"He has been the bane of this house.—All its comfort has gone out of it. We have had to pinch and screw in all ways, denying ourselves almost necessaries, keeping you children short. Molly does the work of two, and I do that of three. In the old days we kept two good servants, besides the nurse for you children, and now we can hardly keep one, drained as we are by Chattaway. I can tell you, George, your poor papa has gone from a world of care; as he told you when he was dying—what on earth's that?"

A sound above, as if some heavy weight had come down. It was no doubt Master Treve fallen out of his chair.

"The missis shouldn't let him sit up to sleep," was the comment of Nora.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE GOLD PANIC.

Among the recent laws passed by Congress was the following relative to transactions in gold and silver:—

"All contracts for the purchase or sale of gold and silver, coin or bullion, secured by pledge or deposit, or other disposition of gold or silver coin of the United States, if to be performed after a period exceeding three days, shall be in writing or printed, and signed by the parties, or their agents or attorneys, and shall have one or more adhesive stamps, as provided in the act to which this is an amendment, equal in amount to one-half of one per cent., and interest at the rate of six per centum per annum on the amount so loaned, pledged or deposited; and if any such loan, pledge or deposit, made for a period not exceeding three days, shall be renewed or in any way extended, for any time whatever, said loan, pledge or deposit shall be subject to the duty imposed on loans exceeding three days; and no loan of currency or money on the security of gold or silver coin of the United States as aforesaid, shall be made exceeding in amount the par value of the coin pledged or deposited as security; and any loan so made, or attempted to be made, shall be utterly void."

It will be seen that the above law cuts at the speculations in gold like a two-edged sword. When gold is selling at 170 per cent., it requires $1,700 of notes to purchase $1,000 in gold. Now if that gold when purchased can be deposited with bankers, and say $1,600 of notes borrowed on it, the speculator can go on purchasing other thousands of gold, and borrowing also on them, until he does quite a large business on very little capital. With a capital to begin with of five or six hundred dollars, a speculator may thus buy gold to the amount of three or four thousand.

But the above Act of Congress alters all this. It makes it against the law for the banker to lend on the $1,000 of gold more than an equal amount of notes. When therefore, gold is at 170, the speculator must take his $1,700 of paper to buy his $1,000 of gold, and can only obtain as a loan on said gold $1,000 of paper. His next purchase, therefore, can only be of about $600 of gold, upon which he can only get $600 of paper, and he thus finds his speculation requiring more capital to start with, and lessening its sphere very rapidly with each fresh "operation."

Moreover, said speculator finds that upon all save his cash operations, a heavy tax

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ing the silverware was secured on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. ... in the number of forty or fifty thou-

... *devouring element.* Who will say this is not an age of progress and refinement?

The more liquor a man drinks the thirstier he grows. Like a craft ...

these from time to time. In forty years the timber on that very piece of land was valued at several hundred dollars an acre, and our downcast farmer was considered rich in his ...

Every one with his eyes open has seen many men, farmers and others, make great mistakes in "retiring" early from business. After one has spent the best of his days in ...

for insertion in your paper:—

"Heat the chain to a temperature of 90 degrees, after which dip it in some good, cold, ...

will be the answer required.

Respectfully yours,

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

is to be paid, which seriously affects his prospects of gain: and he therefore becomes more timorous as to the terms upon which he enters into said agreements.

Doubtless at the time this new law went into force, a large amount of money was loaned out by the bankers in New York and Philadelphia upon deposits of gold; and the result was a call upon the speculators to pay up the difference between the amounts they had received, and those the law authorized. As many of them doubtless found it inconvenient to pay up, they had to force their gold upon the market. The result being a fall in the price of gold in two days, from 172 to 155.

This sudden fall goes to prove that speculation had driven up the price of gold beyond its true value. For so far as an inflation of the paper currency is concerned, that would affect the prices of breadstuffs, lands, and other articles generally, in about the same proportion that it would the price of gold. So far, therefore, as the advance in gold was greatly in excess of the advance in commodities generally—of course excluding cotton and wool from the list, for obvious reasons—it was not a natural but an artifical advance, of the same speculative character that in other times has driven up the prices of tulips, merino sheep, Western lands, and the morus multicaulis. The worst aspect of the speculation in gold is, that it is calculated by producing a false alarm, to impair the value both of the bank and the government paper issues, and thus add unnecessarily to the present difficulties of the country. There is no need of such artificial movements to impress upon our statesmen the importance of keeping the issue of paper money within such limits as the general opinion of the resources of the country will authorize and sustain.

A HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES, with a Preliminary View of its Causes and Biographical Sketches of its Heroes, by SAMUEL M. SCHMUCKER, L.L.D. Philada., J. W. Bradley. Part First, 8vo., 510 pages.

This handsome volume contains a well written narrative of the events of the war, from its commencement down to the evacuation of Harrison's Landing by the Federal forces. The scenes described possess an intense interest, and as we recur to them we are transported to the early days of the rebellion. Of course it would be unreasonable to expect at present as great accuracy of statement relative to recent military affairs—often possessing as they do a secret history—as will be possible hereafter. The work is illustrated by a number of excellent steel engravings, and will doubtless have a large sale.

☞ CLAMS!—"What's all this noise and excitement about fishing on the Jersey coast?" asked one. "I don't know," replied another; "but I suppose it is only a clammer!"

☞ The liberal and patriotic citizen who has been drafted has purchased a gun which he says is very sure to go off—on another man's shoulders.

☞ Poverty is often despair. A poor fellow went to hang himself, but, finding a pot of gold, went merrily home. But he who had hidden the pot went and hung himself.

☞ Universal love is like a mitten, which fits all hands alike, but none closely; true affection is like a glove which fits one hand only, but sets closely to that one.

☞ War never leaves where it found a nation. It is never to be entered into without mature deliberation: not a deliberation lengthened out into a perplexing indecision, but a deliberation leading to a sure and fixed judgment. When so taken up, it is not to be abandoned without reasons as valid, as fully and as extensively considered. Peace may be made as unadvisedly as war. Nothing is so rash as fear; and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly."—*Burke.*

☞ The success of villainy is treated by many as the standard and proof of innocence.

☞ "Mother, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in our garden?" "Why, Joe, what do you mean?" "As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree couldn't we get all the precious stuff." "You're getting too smart; that's what comes of sending boys to the macademies."

☞ VALUABLE PICTURES.—Prince Demidoff, finding himself short of money recently in Paris, sold a dozen or so of his cabinet pictures for $70,000.

☞ A man, evidently insane, threw himself from the south tower of Notre Dame, at Paris, and in falling, his body struck with such violence as to against the edge of a buttress that the legs were detached from the trunk and fell to the ground, while the remainder of the body lodged on one of the galleries.

☞ The letters that spell DEBT are the initials of the sentence, "Due Every Body Twice"—and the letters that spell CREDIT are the initials of the sentence, "Call Regularly Every Day—I'll Trust."

☞ The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette says that Beauregard has proved himself such a liar, by his last trick at Charleston, that if it was not for the corroborations of others, it would not even believe his statement that he was not killed at the time of the bombardment of Sumter.

AMERICA THE OLD WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

There is, perhaps, no part of the world, certainly none familiar to science, where the early geological periods can be studied with so much ease and precision as in the United States. Along their northern borders, between Canada and the United States, there runs the low line of hills known as the Laurentian Hills. Insignificant in height, nowhere rising more than fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the level of the sea, these are nevertheless the first mountains that broke the uniform level of the earth's surface and lifted themselves above the waters. Their low stature, as compared with that of other more lofty mountain-ranges, is in accordance with an invariable rule, by which the relative age of mountains may be estimated. The oldest mountains are the lowest, while the younger and more recent ones tower above their elders, and are usually more torn and dislocated also. This is easily understood, when we remember that all mountains and mountain-chains are the result of upheavals, and that the violence of the outbreak must have been in proportion to the strength of the resistance. When the crust of the earth was so thin that the heated masses within easily broke through it, they were not thrown to so great a height, and formed comparatively low elevations, such as the Canadian hills or the mountains of Bretagne and Wales. But in later times, when young, vigorous giants, such as the Alps, the Himalayas, or, later still, the Rocky Mountains, forced their way out from their fiery prison-house, the crust of the earth was much thicker, and fearful indeed must have been the convulsions which attended their exit.

The Laurentian Hills form, then, a granite range, stretching from Eastern Canada to the Upper Mississippi, and immediately along its base are gathered the Azoic deposits, the first stratified beds, in which the absence of life need not surprise us, since they were formed beneath a heated ocean. As well might we expect to find the remains of fish or shells or crabs at the bottom of geysers or of boiling springs, as on those early shores bathed by an ocean of which the heat must have been so intense. Although, from the condition in which we find it, this first granite range has evidently never been disturbed by any violent convulsion since its first upheaval, yet there has been a gradual rising of that part of the continent, for the Azoic beds do not lie horizontally along the base of the Laurentian Hills in the position in which they must originally have been deposited, but are lifted and rest against their slopes. They have been more or less dislocated in this process, and are greatly metamorphized by the intense heat to which they must have been exposed. Indeed, all the oldest stratified rocks have been baked by the prolonged action of heat.

It may be asked how the materials for those first stratified deposits were provided. In later times, when an abundant and various soil covered the earth, when every river brought down to the ocean, not only its yearly tribute of mud or clay or lime, but the *debris* of animals and plants that lived and died in its waters or along its banks, when every lake and pond deposited at its bottom in successive layers the lighter or heavier materials floating in its waters and settling gradually beneath them, the process by which stratified materials are collected and gradually harden into rock is more easily understood. But when the solid surface of the earth was only just beginning to form, it would seem that the floating matter in the sea can hardly have been in sufficient quantity to form any extensive deposits. No doubt there was some abrasion even of that first crust; but the more abundant source of the earliest stratification, is to be found in the submarine volcanoes that poured their liquid streams into the first ocean. At what rate these materials would be distributed and precipitated in regular strata it is impossible to determine; but that volcanic materials were so deposited in layers is evident from the relative position of the earliest rocks. I have already spoken of the innumerable chimneys perforating the Azoic beds, narrow outlets of Plutonic rock, protruding through the earliest strata. Not only are such funnels filled with the crystalline mass of granite that flowed through them in a liquid state, but it has often poured over their sides, mingling with the stratified beds around. In the present state of our knowledge, we can explain such appearances only by supposing that the heated materials within the earth's crust poured out frequently, meeting little resistance—that they then scattered and were precipitated in the ocean around, settling in successive strata at its bottom—that through such strata the heated masses within continued to pour again and again, forming for themselves the chimney-like outlets above mentioned.

Such, then was the earliest American land,—a long narrow island, almost continental in its proportions, since it stretches from the eastern borders of Canada nearly to the point where now the base of the Rocky Mountains meets the plain of the Mississippi Valley. We may still walk along its ridge and know that we tread upon the ancient granite that first divided the waters into northern and southern ocean; and if our imaginations will carry us so far, we may look down toward its base and fancy how the sea washed against this earliest shore of a lifeless world. This is no romance, but the bald, simple truth; for the fact that this granite band was lifted out of the waters so early in the history of the world, and has not since been submerged, has, of course, prevented any subsequent deposits from forming above it. And this is true of all the northern part of the United States. It has been lifted gradually, the beds deposited in one period being subsequently raised, and forming a shore along which those of the succeeding one collected, so that we have their whole sequence before us. In regions where all the geological deposits, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian, Triassic, etc., are piled one upon another, and we can get a glimpse of their internal relations only where some rent has laid them open, or where their ragged edges worn away by the abrading action of external influences, expose to view their successive layers, it must, of course, be more difficult to follow their connection. For this reason the American continent offers facilities to the geologist denied to him in the so-called Old World, where the earlier deposits are comparatively hidden, and the broken character of the land, intersected by mountains in every direction, renders his investigation still more difficult. Of course, when I speak in the geological deposits as so completely unveiled to us here, I do not forget the sheet of drift which covers the continent from North to South, and which we shall discuss hereafter, when I reach that part of my subject. But the drift is only a superficial and recent addition to the soil, resting loosely above the other geological deposits, and arising, as we shall see, from very different causes.

In this article I have intended to limit myself to a general sketch of the formation of the Laurentian Hills with the Azoic stratified beds resting against them. In the Silurian epoch following the Azoic we have the first beach on which any life stirred; it extended along the base of the Azoic beds, widening by its extensive deposits the narrow strip of land already upheaved. I propose in a future article to invite my readers to a stroll with me along that beach.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A GREAT ARMY HOSPITAL.—An officer in the army writes as follows of the great hospital of the army of the Potomac:

The hospital at Aquia Landing is worth crossing the ocean to see. It has all been started and completed within four weeks, and is the place where now the sick of the army of the Potomac are sent. A "hospital tent" is a tent like an officer's, or wall tent, only more than three times as large. The space within it is equal to a good sized drawing-room. More than 850 of these tents, white as the driven snow, pitched in long streets of more than a quarter of a mile, and supplied with every convenience and comfort, compose this hospital. From the hill which I was descending to reach it, it presented in the evening twilight one of the most beautiful of sights.

You will form some estimate of its size, when I tell you that between nine and ten thousand people occupy it. It lies on the table land of a promonotory called Windmill Point, jutting out into the Potomac, where there is a fine view of a beach of the river, and is bounded behind, and on the sides by high wooded hills. It is made up of eleven army corps, each corps possessing a street, and these streets so long, that those at one end know nothing of those at the other. In fact, it is a great wonder, and was to me a surprise and an object of pleasure. Everything is in perfect order—stables in tents for the horses, out-houses in tents, kitchens, store-rooms, parlors and surgeries in tents—and it seemed like a huge camp of bedouins. For the first time in a long while, I saw ladies flitting about, nurses belonging to the sanitary commission, who come and go as occasion requires.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

AN INTERESTING FACT.—An accidental discovery, made while examining the iron prize steamers Anglia and Scotia, will help to settle the long mooted question, "how to preserve ships' bottoms!" These are old steamers, built on the Clyde fourteen years ago, but the plates were found to be of the original thickness and free from oxidation. An examination made by Admiral Gregory, at the request of the purchasers showed that beneath the outside coating the iron was covered with white zinc paint, and to this fact he attributed the remarkable preservation of the ship. The zinc had formed a deposit, galvanizing the surface of the metal, and giving a perfect protection. Admiral Gregory also examined the frames nearly to the keelson outside, finding the original white paint and a metallic deposit on the iron, as before, without any sign of oxidation. This is the strongest testimony in favor of this mode of preserving ships yet brought to notice.

A DISPATCH from Nashville brings the unwelcome news of the loss of three Union regiments of infantry at Springville, near Franklin, Tenn. They were attacked by a largely superior force of rebels, and, after a desperate contest, were compelled to surrender. There were 500 cavalry and one battery in the force, but they got off safely. It is said there were seven regiments of Union troops, under Gen. Gilbert, at Franklin, only 13 miles distant.

☞ Time is an old novelist who takes pleasure in printing his tales on our countenances. He writes the first chapters with a swan's down, and graves the last with a steel pen.

☞ The Chinese have no word that will compare with our word "Amen." They say, instead, "Sin yenen ching sing." "The heart wishes exactly so."

DESIGN FOR A BRIDAL BOUQUET.

A perfectly white design. Centre, camellia; azaleas gathered round it, yet put in lightly, and without trying to force a quite level surface, which is nearly impossible, and here undesirable. Five more camellias at intervals, mixed again with a few of the largest azaleas standing lightly. A few orange flowers may be interspersed, and the lilies of the valley, or white heath or clematis. If the former, a few leaves of their own may be used, but they should be of the youngest and palest kind, belonging to roots which have not flowered, and they should only just show their heads between the lilies and their surrounding flowers. If clematis or heath is used, the orange flowers and some lilies may be mingled with it; but in these snow-white groups a very little green tells quite sufficiently, and no separate foliage need be used at all. The same pale fronds of the maiden-hair could hardly, however, fail to add some grace and lightness, whatever might be the centre.

A HINDOO PAPER ON THE BIBLE.—The *Sajiona Bejana*, a native Bengal paper, advocating the introduction of the Bible into government schools, describes it in remarkable language as coming from a heathen, as "the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language. As every joint of the sugar cane from the root to the top is full of sweetness, so every part of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instructions. A portion of that book would yield to you more of sound morality, than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short, if anybody studies the English language with a view to gain wisdom, there is not another book which is more worthy of being read than the Bible."

☞ Of a person who was a sordid miser, it was told to Mr. Curran that he had set out from Cork to Dublin, with one shirt and a guinea. "Yes," said Curran, "and I will answer for it that he will change neither of them until he returns."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

MONEY—WHY CALLED STERLING.—In the time of Richard I., money coined in the east part of Germany, came in special request in England, on account of its purity, and was called Easterling money, as the inhabitants of those parts were called Easterlings; and soon after some of the people skilled in coining, were sent for to London to bring the coin to perfection, which was soon called Sterling, from Easterling.

Money as a medium of commerce, is first mentioned in Genesis, chapter xxiii, when Abraham purchased a field as a sepulchre for Sarah, in the year of the world 2139. Money was first made at Argos, 894 years B. C.; has increased eighteen times in value from 1190 to 1590; and ten times in value from 1540 to 1780. Silver has increased thirty times its value since the Norman Conquest; that is, a pound in that age was three times the quantity it is at present, and ten times in value in purchasing any commodity.

MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLES.—Sweet is a calm after a storm. But for matrimonial infelicities, vulgarly called "squabbles," it would be impossible for certain married pairs to endure each other through years of familiar intercourse. As the waters of the sea are only kept pure by storms that lash them into fury, so the feelings of *commonplace* couples for each other, are only kept from subsiding into indifference by the occasion of their bickerings and misunderstandings. With the aid of occasional fallings out and makings up, in which they alternately love and hate each other with equal violence, they manage on the whole to have rather an *agreeable time of it.*

A BOLD MAN.—A gay fellow who had taken lodgings at a public house, and got considerably in debt, absented himself, and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord, that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him, which the debtor having, heard of, declared publicly that if she came, he would kiss her. "Will he?" said the lady; "will he? Give me my bonnet, Molly; I will see whether any fellow has such impudence!" "My dear," said the cooling husband, "pray, do not be too rash. You do not know what a man may do when he's in a passion!"

☞ A Western wag says:—"Gen. Blunt's strategy is in three parts: first, finding where the enemy are; second, immediately sending a bomb shell at them; third, going to see where it struck."

☞ Friendship in ill-luck turns to mere acquaintance. The wine of life, as we have heard it called, goes into vinegar; and folks that hugged the bottle, shirk the cruet.

☞ Be not content with high resolves, rather be content with little doings.

☞ In navigating the sea of life, carefully avoid the breakers—"especially the heart-breakers," says old Growler.

☞ Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence.

☞ God never alters His methods. We may hurry ourselves, but we cannot hurry Him. After all, the grass takes just as long to grow, and the oak tree to develope, and the great processes of nature to unfold themselves. And we may be sure that just so much effort must go to just so much result. The great laws of God must be obeyed, or the rewards which follow the obedience of those laws will not come.—*Chapin.*

☞ In our adversity it is night with us, and in the night many beasts of prey range abroad that keep their dens through the day.

☞ A Boston paper says, "The brilliant head-dress, now so fashionable, is produced by sprinkling Crystal Etincelle or Dust of Broken Diamonds, either alone or mingled with French Electro Gold Dust, upon the hair after drying the same quite to 'friz and frowzy.' The effect is 'sparky,'" and that is precisely what is wanted.

☞ INTRIGUE.—There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far fetched, and usually *not worth the carriage.*

☞ According to a letter from the West, during the Murfreesboro' battle, Rosecrans rode up to Colonel Price, commanding a brigade at one of the fords, and addressed him: "You're Colonel Price, commanding the Twenty-third Brigade, are you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, Colonel, will you hold this ford?" "Well, General, I will if I can!" "That won't do, sir! Will you hold this ford?" "I'll do it or die in the attempt!" "No—that won't do either!" "*Will you hold this ford?*" "*I will!*" at last thundered the Colonel, putting the "and be d—d to you!" in a somewhat lower tone; and the General rode away satisfied.

☞ A gentleman remarked the other evening at a party, that a woman is the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of a young lady, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

☞ PRECIOUS STONES A GREAT BORE!—A tube, furnished with a circular cutter made of rough diamonds, is now employed in France, for the purpose of *boring* into hard rock.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, March 7.—The expedition under Colonel Phelps to Northumberland county, Va., returned this afternoon, after an eminently successful trip.

The force left Belle Plain last Tuesday in steamers, and was composed of picked men from the 14th New York State militia, 22d, 24th and 30th New York volunteers, and Captain Vlegen's company of the 1st Maine cavalry.

Heathsville, the county seat of Northumberland county, was entered and the post office and jail searched, but nothing was found in the one, and the cells of the other were empty. A foraging party in Lancaster county seized 1,000 bushels of corn, 30 horses and mules, a large number of fine beef cattle and quite an amount of medical stores, captured two rebel mails, and several important prisoners.

Miscellaneous.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 8.—The Richmond Dispatch of the 6th inst. says "that the Indianola, recently captured from the Yankees, was blown up last Tuesday night by the rebels, and that her guns fell into the hands of the Federals. The Queen of the West left in such a hurry that part of her crew were abandoned on shore. A later dispatch says that the Indianola was not destroyed, and that they (the Federals) are raising her. The Federal gunboats are making great havoc on Lake Providence."

A telegram dated Savannah, on the evening of March 3, says:—

"The Federals attacked Fort McAllister at 20 minutes past 8 o'clock this morning. Three iron-clads and two mortar boats played on the fort. Our eight inch Columbiad has been dismounted; two men slightly wounded. The fort is uninjured, and the garrison is in good spirits."

A despatch dated on the 4th says:—

"The Federals shelled Fort McAllister all last night till near day.

"This morning a despatch from the fort dated 9 A. M. says:—'The enemy have not renewed the attack this morning. Their vessels are still in the river. The fort is in good condition. The Columbiad is remounted, and no further casualties are reported at the fort.'"

The steamer Columbia, from New Orleans on the 27th ult., is at New York. A large number of Union and rebel prisoners have been exchanged. A large force of rebel soldiers are reported to be marching on Brownsville. The U. S. gunboat Kinsman has been sunk in Berwick Bay, by running against a snag.

☞ The editor of the New Bedford Standard says that he lately discovered in an old drawer which had not been opened for years, a remarkable silver coin, which had on one side a head with the word "Liberty," surrounded by thirteen stars and the date 1829. On the opposite was an eagle, with the motto "E Pluribus Unum," the words "United States of America," and the figures "10c!"

☞ "I don't blame Prince Alfred," said Mrs. Partington, "for not wishing to take the throne of Greece; "he'd slip off as sure as you live." The old lady never allows a remark to fall of its effect from the want of making it; and in this, like Juliet, she speaks, though she says nothing.

☞ "What soldiers are these?" asked a gent, as a regiment marched by. "Why, they belong to the new *levee* for the *Banks* of the Mississippi," replied a "mudsill," standing near.

☞ An amusing incident transpired a few evenings since, at Manchester, New Hampshire, in the Huntington Street Baptist Church, on the occasion of the magic lantern exhibition. The scene of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea was exhibited, and the small children were asked if they could tell what it represented. One little fellow immediately sung out, "Burnside crossing the Rappahannock!"

☞ BOOKS—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton gives this advice to book readers:—"In science, read by preference the newest books; in literature the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and re-decorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ideas."

☞ TRIALS.—Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.

☞ Alarming stories have been told about people being poisoned with rye coffee; but Mrs. Partington Shillaber suggests that some of those who use the extract of old rye in other fluid forms, may be subject to quite as much damage as the rye-coffee-drinkers.

☞ The present Empress of France, Eugenie, is said to play billiards with all the perfection of an expert, and the grace and beauty of a seraph. Her Majesty, the Queen of Britain, finds billiards not only a great consoler, but a most favored amusement—as we see by a late number of the Art Journal.

☞ A man ceases to be a "good fellow" the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to do.

☞ "What name, sir?" asked the clerk of the steamship company, as the cockney gentleman applied for a passage to Europe. "John Hogden," was the reply. The clerk commenced to spell it, "John Hog—" "Tut, man," said the Englishman, "do you take me for a 'og! begin it with a ho."

☞ An imaginative Irishman gives utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they? and an echo responded—'Is that you, Patrick McClathery?'"

THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

They carol the lays of the bright Guadalquiver,
Old minstrels have chaunted their songs of the Rhine,
But to sing of our own—of our sweet Schuylkill River,
Which flows by the homes of our fathers, be mine;
Dear stream! by whose margin I wandered in childhood,
With heart that was happy as happy could be,—
With none for companions save birds of the wild-wood,—
Thy memory shall ever be welcome to me.

I've gazed on thy source by the blue, misty mountains,
Where winds thy young streamlet, a silvery thread,
Till swelled by the rills from a thousand pure fountains,
It sweeps, like a bride, with the Delaware to wed;
What fairylike landscapes around thee lie sleeping!
How bright are the sunbeams that glow on thy sheen,
Where the zephyr's light feet o'er the ripples come sweeping
From hills where sweet peace sits enthroned like a queen.

Nor art thou, fair river, forgotten in story,
Thy dark "Valley Forge" is remembered with tears,
Where the bare feet of patriots marched on to glory,
'Mid snows tracked with blood—in the dread "Seven Years;"
And still by thy brink stands the cot of the poet,
Where Erin's famed bard penned his tribute to thee,
And his sweet little lyric, which charms all who know it—
"The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree!"*

In earlier times, by thy soft-flowing waters,
Ere Genoa's Sailor had dared the wide sea,
The red man looked down on his dusky browed daughters,
Who laved their young limbs in those waters with glee;
And later were hours when, led by the Spirit,
The good "Father Onas" has taught near thy wave†
God's word to the red men who gathered to hear it,
And learned that the Son of God only can save.

The maid of the forest has met by thy waters,
All blushing, the love-softened eyes of her "Brave,"
Who paused from the chase, or from war's sterner slaughters,
To woo for a season beside thy soft wave;
But maiden and lover—and e'en their loves' story
Are gone! are forgot by their once native shore,
And the might of the pale face has dimmed all the glory
Which flashed o'er the warrior's camp-fires of yore.

Yet fancy still painted their swift canoes sweeping
Beneath the dim starlight, athwart thy still breast:
Still views the dark file of their warriors creeping
Like ghosts through the woods—to the war path addressed:
She views them once more as they stand lost in wonder,
And gaze in deep awe on the cloud-darkened skies,
Whilst utters Manito his wrath-tones in thunder:
Whilst flashes o'er heaven the glare of his eyes.

I doubt not the red men, with legends unnumbered,
Had given thy vales a mysterious spell,
But long in oblivion those legends have slumbered,
For no one remaineth their stories to tell;
Yet oft when the twilight was deepening o'er me,
I've felt in my soul a mysterious power,
Which brought the dim forms of the dumb past before me,
To blend with the thoughts of the shadowy hour.

I love thee, fair Schuylkill! because I have wandered
In boyhood's glad days by thy waters so still,
Because by thy brink on my loved ones I've pondered,
Who sleep 'neath the sod of thy sweet "Laurel Hill;"
Ah! oft do the tears on my sad eyelids quiver,
Awaked by the thoughts which in memory rise,
Of dear ones who sleep by the beautiful river,
Forevermore hid from my sorrowing eyes.

Thus, e'en for their sake, wilt thou ever be cherished,
Deep, deep in my spirit, thou soft-flowing stream,
Aye, twined with the thoughts of my loved who have perished,
Until thou becom'st to my memory a dream.
Then others may carol of famed Guadalquiver,
May breathe of the fay-haunted shores of the Rhine,
But to sing of our own—of our sweet Schuylkill River,
Which flows by the graves of my kindred, be mine.
FRANK.

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*Thomas Moore, who visited this country about fifty-five years ago, resided for a brief period in a small cottage some miles above Philadelphia, on the west bank of the Schuylkill. Whilst living there he wrote his "Lines on the Schuylkill," and "The Woodpecker" piece.—See "*Pictorial Sketch-Book of Pennsylvania*," by E. Bowen.

†Father Onas—William Penn, so called by the Indians.

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MISS RACHEL REDWOOD.

There had been no tea for us that night, for no one was able to swallow it. Clara, and Stephen, and Dr. North were in the parlor. They had lights, and the piano was open, and Clara had been singing some of her gayest songs, and making a feint of great cheerfulness which her wet lashes and quivering lips belied. It was Stephen's last night at home. At midnight he would leave us to join his regiment at Washington; and the thought of the coming separation was making us all heart-sore and constrained. I could not take my eyes from him, save to glance at the clock and note, with a shiver, how fast the time was going. Not that I begrudged him to the service; I hope I never actually did *that*, but the country was so distracted, and we were so far from the large cities, and news would be *so* long in coming—that altogether the probabilities were sickening. My noble, open-hearted boy! how strong and handsome he looked in his new uniform; and while he talked absently to Dr. North what tender looks he was casting from Clara to me, and from me back again to Clara, as if, poor lad, he could not see enough of the familiar faces now that the parting hour drew near.

He smiled brightly at last when he caught my eye; tossed up Clara's knitting ball, and cried out:

"That *Brindisi* has given Aunt Rachel the fidgets, Clara. Sing us '*Auld Lang Syne*,' like a good little sister, and maybe aunty will help you."

Clara turned her sweet, young face so that he could not see it, and gave me one glance. How pitiful it was! The bright tears were standing in her eyes. But she was brave enough for anything that could give Stephen pleasure; and with a slight tremor in her voice, she began.

If she was courageous enough to sing, I must say I was not courageous enough to listen. I had been full to overflowing often enough that day, but Clara had said:

"Aunt Rachel, if *you* give up, I shall never be able to go through with it in the world!"

And for the sake of the darling I had restrained myself. But now she was singing in her own dear pathetic way—

"We twa ha'e run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin Auld Lang Syne!"

And what with looking at her and thinking of Stephen and listening to those old, tender words, such a mist came over my eyes, and such a choking into my throat, that I could not stand it a second longer. Out of the room I went, almost blind with tears, and leaned against the open garden-door and cried as if my heart would burst. You see I had been keeping it down so long that it was all the fiercer when it came. It was May, and the night was as calm and as sweet as one could wish—but its calmness and its sweetness only mocked me then. I looked up at the clear moon and the twinkling stars, and thought of the Southern battle-fields on which they were shining, and the hospital windows through which they were peeping, lighting up sick faces, bleeding faces, dead faces, as young, and as handsome, and as dear to some poor body's heart as Stephen's was to me—and then I burst out afresh, and made no effort to control myself.

I was growing quite weak and foolish, when somebody came out of the parlor and laid a hand on my shoulder.

It was Dr. North; and he came to say that it was after eleven, and Stephen must bid us good-by. He was a fine, thoughtful man, this young physician, and quite one of ourselves; for he had been betrothed to my little Clara for more than a year, and would have made her his wife in the spring if the rebellion had not broken out and unsettled everything.

So I did not mind him when he said, cheerily:

"Fie, fie, Aunt Rachel, is this a proper example to set Clara and me? You will unman Stephen completely. I thought you were braver."

But I wiped my eyes and went back with him to the parlor.

Stephen was up on his feet, by this time, with his arm around his pet, and her bright, curly head leaning against him. They were very fond of each other, and it was their first separation. No wonder that he held her so close, and, soldier that he was, was not ashamed of the great tears which plashed down upon her curls.

"Oh! this fearful, fearful war!" she was saying, shuddering, and with pale cheeks. "I did not know what it would cost me to let you go, darling. But you will write often, won't you?—very, very often?"

He laughed down in her face, making a great effort to recover his cheerfulness.

"Yes, pet—if I don't get both arms blown off."

She shrieked aloud, as if she had been stabbed, and trembled so that I was forced to take her in my arms and hold her there, like a child. Stephen ought not have said it; but the poor boy was desperate and did not weigh his words.

Dr. North took her little, icy hand.

"Dear Clara," he said, tenderly, "do not let our soldier go away with the memory of such a white, sorrowful face as this. Look up and give him one of the old smiles, if it is only to keep his heart warm till he comes back."

His words seemed to put fresh courage into her; for she raised herself from my arms at once, and went smiling, (Heaven bless her sweet face!) to her brother—

"Dear, *dear* old boy!" she said, looking brightly up into his face, "I am a sad coward—but you are brave enough for both. God bless you and take care of you, my darling, my darling!"—winding her arms about him—"and bring you safe back to us once more! That will be our prayer night and morning."

Like a dream, I saw him bless her and kiss her trembling lips and give her to his friend. Like a dream, I felt his arms about me, and heard his fond "Good-by, dearest aunt. May God forgive me if I have ever caused you a moment's pain—good-by!"

Then he dropped upon his knees and hid his face in his hands; and albeit he was not much given to prayer, being a merry, careless boy, I knew he was praying then.

When he arose, he grasped Dr. North's hand and looked him earnestly in the eyes.

"I give these dear ones into your charge, Fred," he said, solemnly; "if anything should happen to me, take care of them, and may God bless you!"

He went out hurriedly; for it was growing late. Frederick followed him—the door closed, and Clara and I were alone.

"If anything should happen to 'me'"—those were his last words, and they were so unlike his gay, sanguine nature, that they affected us strongly. I cannot tell how often I and my pet went over them that night. The house was so still, now that the bustle was over; and we both thought of the empty bed-room. Many a long day and night must come and go before its owner would mount the staircase, whistling, as was his wont, and stretch himself upon the smooth bed. I did not undress. Lying down was out of the question when I could not sleep. But Clara was chilly and tired, and I coaxed her to bed. Then I sat by her side in the easy-chair, and tried to reassure her. She was very nervous and wakeful; hour after hour struck, and a gray light was breaking in the east before her eyes closed and she fell into a troubled sleep. Altogether it was a miserable night.

But with the morning sunshine pouring into the breakfast-room, and the perfume of the May flowers coming through the open windows, a healthier, happier spirit began to revive in us. Dr. North came over to breakfast and brought us the morning-papers. He spoke cheerfully of Stephen's departure, and assured us that the actual parting once over, our boy had gone off in good spirits.

Our friend's vivacity was contagious. His smiling face and pleasant words finished what the sunshine and the flowers had begun. Clara had more to say, and evinced for the first time an interest in her breakfast; but she was still a trifle pale and languid. Frederick was not satisfied yet. He provoked her into an argument about the administration. Clara was as sturdy a little Democrat as ever breathed; and had a girlish dislike for Lincoln. I am half inclined to think it was because he was plain and had a mole on his face. At any rate she and Frederick had it hot and fast; Clara growing rosy and animated, he looking amused and parrying her thrusts with provoking good temper. When she was quite her bright-eyed self again, he laughed and broke off the argument declaring it a drawn battle. Then he helped himself to a second cup of coffee and read us the morning news aloud. When he departed to his duties at one of the city hospitals we had so far recovered the loss of our soldier as to talk quietly over our plans for his absence and anticipate most cheerfully his safe return.

The summer wore on. If we did not grow accustomed to the state of affairs we did not, at least, openly repine. Many, we thought and said, were worse off than ourselves. We had turned Stephen's chamber into a sitting-room. That was bearding our shadowy lion at the very outset. There we sat and read his letters. They came often, and our boy wrote just as he talked. A rare, rare gift. Those precious letters! (I have them all laid away in lavender, and under lock and key, where I shall keep them till I die) they were thorough diaries: long and minute and vivacious enough to satisfy even our exacting hearts. A soldier's life had great charms for him, and McClellan was a trump. He had not been in regular action yet—nothing more than a brush or so with the rebels—but drilling went on, camp life was racy, and our soldier was gay-hearted and sanguine and burning for an engagement. Poor boy! it was still the balmy, summer weather, and the darkest side of the picture was yet to come!

Frederick gave us every spare moment of his time. The Norths had a fine seat about half a mile from our suburban cottage; and there was a whole houseful of rosy, rollicking boys and girls of whom the Doctor was the eldest. Evelyn, the second child, was a lovely, graceful girl of eighteen, intelligent beyond her years, and the dearest intimate of Clara. She had been with us a great deal before Stephen went away; but since then her health had grown very frail, and she did not come over so often. Stephen had always seemed very fond of her, (she was so pretty and sweet-mannered,) and generally sent her some little message in his letters which Clara took great pleasure in reading to her. In one letter he wrote:—"We were out foraging to-day and stopped at a secesh cottage where I saw a sad sight. (*You* would have cried with pity, Clara.) A young southern girl whose lover was shot on picket duty last week. She has gone mad with grief; not violently mad, but melancholy mad, and sits all day with her hands in her lap staring vacantly through the window. She was very beautiful, and, (this is why I have told you), very like Evelyn North—so like, Clara, that the resemblance was startling. You write that Eva is not well. It has worried me more than I care to say. Tell Fred to look to it. He has charge of all my dear ones, you know, and must render an account." It was I who took this letter over to North's. Evelyn was lying upon the sofa in the drawing-room alone. She sprang up when she saw what I had in my hand.

"Oh! Aunt Rachel," (they all called me "aunt;" in fact half the township did the same), "is it from the South?"

The rapid change from languor to interest in her beautiful face struck me suspiciously. A light began to dawn on me. Was the child really fretting herself to death about Stephen? I was wise enough to hold my tongue. She opened the letter quite nervous with eagerness and began to read. When she came to the little passage about herself, she read it through once, ending with a sigh which was almost a sob; then I could see that she went back and read it all over again, the color deepening in her cheek; last of all she dropped the letter on her knee and burst into tears. It was all as clear as daylight to me then; but in the midst of it the door opened and Mrs. North and several of her rosy, romping gipsies came in. Were ever children more *de trop?* Evelyn ran off, taking the letter with her; but not soon enough to escape her mother's quick eyes. She was a gentle, lady-like woman; but rather given to fretting.

"Is it not trying, Aunt Rachel, to see Evelyn going on after this fashion?" she said to me with plaintive peevishness. "I sometimes think that—"

Here Mlle. Florence North instructing her younger sisters in a *pas de seul*, with her short skirt held out to its utmost dimensions, whisked over a Sevres vase and strewed the carpet with the costly fragments.

"Florence, Florence, what have you done? Destroyed my favorite vase! And you made me such fair promises, you naughty, mischievous child. Take your sisters to Jeannette and tell her you are in disgrace till dinner." And as the light-hearted little ones, no way abashed, scampered off, she sank down beside me, and pressed her temples with her hands.

"I am really at a loss what to do with her," she said, recurring to Evelyn. "She is so listless and low-spirited and melts into tears without the least provocation. Color and appetite and animation have gone, and now her health begins to go. Frederick scolds, but what can I do? I cannot force the child into society when she really does not seem strong enough for it. You are a woman of sound sense, Aunt Rachel; now what would *you* advise me to do?"

This was flattering, certainly; but I should have been more at my ease if I could have forgotten the scene over the letter.

"Why not take her to the sea-shore?" I said, by way of a suggestion. "I did take her last week, (didn't Clara tell you?) but she plead so hard to come home again that I had to yield and bring her back no better than she went."

Mrs. North got up and walked across the room looking very anxious. I was just turning over in my mind how I could best tell her my suspicions, when she came back to me very suddenly, her face bright with a new thought.

"I have hit upon it," she said, gayly. "I will fill the house with visitors and give a flower-party. My sister gave one at Chester last year and Eva was so pleased with it. Now it will rouse her. The very season for it, too! We will throw open those garden doors there"—she was all animation by this time—"and these glass doors on the veranda; and we will hang the walls with flowers, and have a full orchestra playing out in the moonlight, and Chinese lamps, and—and—" she stopped short, breathless with the magnitude of her conceptions—"But you will stay to dinner and help me to arrange it all, won't you, Aunt Rachel?"

No. I told her I must go home.

"Well, then, send that dear practical Clara to me; and Fred and she and I will lay our heads together, and plan it all before we sleep."

Frederick drove Clara over after dinner; and for a week thereafter nothing was talked of and very little thought of save the floral party.

The invitations were issued, a bouquet with every card: while all the other appointments were on the most elegant scale. It scarcely seemed right this princely expenditure in such distracted times. But the Norths were gay, sociable people, (Frederick and Evelyn were the most thoughtful of the family,) and moved in an extensive circle of fashionables. Such demonstrations were expected of them they said, and besides, was it not all on account of "poor Eva?" "Poor Eva," indeed, was not proof against the delicate *vase de guerre*. It was hard to lie dreaming on the sofa when such a merry bustle went on about her. She got up at last, in sheer self-defence, and entered into the arrangements with some of her old animation.

My little Clara was head and tail of everything. She was an immensely practical little woman. Mrs. North must have her opinion about the china and the silver, and the waxing of the floors. Evelyn wanted her taste in the floral decorations, and even (ah! the sly vanity of these little maids!) in the choice of a new muslin for the eventful night; while Frederick, who had entered a protest against the whole affair, but had been overruled, being dragged into a reluctant argument about Chinese lamps for the orchestra, frankly avowed that Clara was the best judge in such matters and begged to refer the committee to her.

It was a sensible little head, or it would certainly have been turned by all this flattering deference.

But notwithstanding the bustle of preparation, our absent one was not forgotten. "Dear Stephen! if *he* were only to be there!" was continually on Clara's lips: while Eva, twenty times a day, would drop her garlands and fall into long reveries, when I knew from her moist eyes and parted lips that her thoughts were in the South.

The festal day came at last—a thorough midsummer day, clear, but intensely warm. It was quite an effort to move about, the heat made one so languid. I dressed early in my best gown and cap; but Clara's new muslin had been ordered to North's, where her hair was to be dressed by Mrs. North's French maid. This was an honor which my pet would rather have declined, but the family insisted upon it: and Frederick came in early from the hospital and dined with us, purposely that he might drive us over. He looked pale and fagged. It was so warm, he said, and the poor fellows at the hospital were suffering so much from the heat. The first smile I saw on his face that day was when Clara and Evelyn came down from the dressing-room and stood, arm in arm, in the centre of the long, cool saloon. They were as fresh as the flowers; both so lovely, and yet so unlike in loveliness. Eva, dark, slender, Spanish-eyed, and with the rich bloom of a brunette, was a fine contrast to my fair, sunny-haired darling. Their dresses were alike—India muslin with a delicate scarlet sprig. They wore no jewels: they would have been out of place among the flowers; but Jeannette had dressed Clara's curls with heliotrope and lilies of the valley: and fuschias shone, like flame, from Evelyn's dark braids. The room was thronged with bright figures, but it was scarcely my partiality which made me think the twain in the centre the fairest of the throng.

What, with the gorgeous guests, the flowers, the lights, the soft music of the band, and the long vistas of the moonlit garden seen through the open doors, the scene was now fairy land itself. Florence North and her sisters were dancing, like sprites, through the crowd: their gay dresses looped up with flowers, their brows and waists encircled with garlands. Just then the orchestra struck a crisp chord, and dashed off into one of Lanner's brilliant waltzes.

Warm as it was, the young folks could not resist. In a few moments couple after couple were whirling over the waxed floors; and the long drawing-room was one brilliant, floating mass.

Clara and Evelyn swept past me among the rest, their arms twined about each other, their sweet faces so blooming and animated that it pleased me to look at them. Frederick crossed with difficulty through the whirling dancers, and sat down beside me.

"Was there nothing from Stephen this morning?" he asked, following the two girls with his eyes.

I had been waiting for this question ever since we met at dinner. It was generally his first greeting. I was surprised, even a little hurt, that he could be so neglectful today. But I answered very quietly: "No. We have had nothing since the beginning of the week. Then it was but a line. He had marching orders. I am beginning to be a little uneasy."

Frederick said nothing. He was certainly overtaxing himself with that hospital work. I had never seen him look as pale and tired. "Has the evening mail come in yet?" I asked.

"I have just dispatched one of the servants for letters. There may be something for you; if there is, he has orders to bring it here at once. The dance is over."

He stood up with folded arms. Clara and Evelyn came up laughing. What happy spirits they were in! My pet had not been as merry since Stephen left us, and Eva's dark eyes were brilliant with animation. She laid her gloved hand on my arm with the prettiest of gestures:

"Ah! it was lovely, Aunt Rachel—that waltz! You don't know what you missed. Why did not Fred lead you out, the ungallant fellow?" Clara glanced up at Dr. North.

"You look grave to-night, Frederick. Are you not well? Or," (she spoke in a lower tone and with a little hesitation,) "is it because you think it all so wrong that it pains you to be present at it?"

"Listen to that," interrupted Evelyn, "is it not beautiful?"

Out in the moonlight the band was playing "*Auld Lang Syne*." The tender old melody floated through the room. The guests were heated with the dance. Some had strolled into the garden; others walked slowly to and fro, indulging in fans and small talk. "*Auld Lang Syne*" was not to them what it was to us. We three, Clara and Frederick and I, looked at each other silently and with emotion. We were all thinking the same thought. Our boy, our precious one—where was he now? Wounded or well? Alive or dead?

Mrs. North passed us chatting gayly with some of her guests. By nature she was more gentle than gay; but the evening's success, and, more than all, Evelin's charming face, were exhilarating. She glanced back over her shoulder:

"The mail has come in, Frederick," she said, laughingly.

He looked preoccupied, and went out at once.

Then the merry dance-music sounded again, and partners came to claim Clara and Evelyn. It was for quadrilles. I liked them better than those wild waltzes which do not seem to me at all delicate or prudent. Clara and Eva seldom waltzed with strangers, and never with gentlemen; Clara, not even with Frederick. She had too much refinement, a womanly refinement, which, sad to say, is strangely overlooked just now.

I was standing in an alcove watching the dancers. It was growing late, but we could not leave until after the supper. The heat was intense—I felt wearied and yet excited.

"How empty it all is!" said a voice beside me, "*vanitas vanitatum*."

I looked up. It was Frederick. His tones were so unnatural that I had not recognized them. He was fearfully pale; his lips worked nervously.

"Good Heavens! my friend, what is the matter?" I asked strangely agitated.

"Hush!" he whispered; and drew me into the shadow of the hangings.

The flowers had already withered and dropped from the walls. The spot where we stood was strewn with the perishing things. Was it an omen?

"Try and be strong for Clara's sake," he said, holding me by the wrists, and looking fixedly at me.

I could not say a word; I never can when powerfully moved; but out in the crowd I could see the flutter of fans and the glimmer of jewels and rich dresses, and the bright faces of Clara and Evelyn floating joyously among the rest.

"There was a strange letter to-night—(God help us all!)"—he went on hurriedly "from the colonel of Stephen's regiment—there has been a battle at Bull Run, and—and—"

A sharp pang wrung my heart.

"And Stephen is wounded!" I cried, "My boy! my boy! he is wounded!"

Frederick turned away and buried his face in his hands.

"Alas! alas! it is worse than that!"

"*Dead!*"

The word broke from my lips in a perfect shriek; and I fell down at his feet like one struck by lightning.

* * * * *

They kept the fearful truth from Clara as long as they could. They told her I had been overcome with the heat and needed rest. But little by little Frederick broke it to her. My darling! my darling! she was like one turned to stone. She did not wail, she did not shed a tear, but in one week's time she was wasted to a shadow of her former self. The cruelest reproach of all was that the news should have come while we were making merry that night, and forgetting the war. Evelyn was like a maniac when she heard it. Her grief was so violent that it threatened her reason; but her brother brought her over to Clara, and the sight of my poor pet, as she lay stricken and nerveless and quiet upon the lounge, calmed and strengthened Eva at once. She did not leave us after that, but took Stephen's old room and stayed with us until after the funeral.

Frederick went South for a few days, and came back one solemn morning, bringing with him all that was mortal of our beloved.

How we longed to look upon his face, that noble, manly face which had been sunlight in our home for so many years—which had never frowned upon us in anger or been averted in coldness!

But Frederick would not permit it. It would be harrowing, he said; and when we pressed him for an explanation, he told me in secret, and with a shudder, that the ball

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[illegible] The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thou- [illegible]

[illegible] an age of progress and refinement?"

☞ The more liquor a man drinks the thirstier he grows. Like a craft left by the [illegible]

timber on that very piece of land was valued at several hundred dollars an acre, and our downcast farmer was considered rich in its ownership. In this instance, by [illegible]

mistakes in "retiring" early from business. After one has spent the best of his days in [illegible]

"Heat the chain to a temperature of 90 degrees, after which dip it in some good, cold, black varnish; let it remain in the varnish from five (5) to ten (10) minutes, after which [illegible]

Respectfully yours,
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

had so mutilated the features of our boy as to render them unrecognizable. It was all a horrid night-mare. My very soul was sick with the misery of it. Then came the funeral. A damp, sultry, dreary day—the winding train of mourners—Clara and Evelyn more dead than alive—the halt in the muddy grave-yard, with the rain plashing down upon us, and the wet grass crushed under our feet—the lowering of the coffin—the hollow rattle of the falling clods— And then, oh! then, the coming back to the empty house—our darling gone forever!

The dreariness and the wretchedness and the agony were driving me mad. The two girls clung to me, their arms were around me, their sobs mingled with mine; while Frederick sat aloof, his face buried in his hands. As night came on we grew calmer. We began for the first time to speak of Stephen. Frederick related little incidents of him which he had learned from his colonel and comrades, and to which no one so far had been calm enough to listen. He was beloved by all. Gallant as gentle, brave as he was merry-hearted, when last seen by those about him on that fatal field he had caught the colors from a fallen color-bearer and waving them above his head was battling for the old flag like a lion.

After the funeral Clara did not grow any stronger or better. Hour after hour she lay upon the lounge like one in a trance. If Stephen's name was mentioned she would burst into tears and weep uncontrolledly for a time; then she would relapse into her old state and lie quiescent as before. The languor and failing health of my pet weighed on me almost as much as Stephen's death.

Evelyn North had grown into a pale, silent woman with the expression of one who grieved constantly and silently. But her bodily health did not give way under it like Clara's.

The day Stephen was a month dead she came over to the cottage with some light needlework and sat down in her usual place. It was a very warm morning; every window and door was open, but scarcely a breath of air came in. My darling was lying upon the lounge, (she was rarely off it now,) looking startlingly pale and fragile in her black dress. Evelyn was very nervous.

"I do not know what is the matter with me to-day, Aunt Rachel," she said, "I feel so strangely. My heart throbs—one while I am hot, and the next cold."

Even while she spoke, her color alternated rapidly, and she got up and moved restlessly about.

Thinking the girls might be better alone a little while, I went into the next room with my knitting. Presently Frederick entered. He was unusually early, but he had ridden over on horseback, and had a very determined expression in his eyes. He spoke a few words to Clara, bending over her and looking anxious. Then he came into me and said abruptly, "Aunt Rachel, I want you to ask Clara to marry me."

I looked up at him in surprise.

"I thought she promised that long ago."

"So she did," he went on earnestly; "but I mean *now* at once. She is drifting away from me, day after day, like a dream, and I cannot stand it any longer. I want to come here and live with you, and watch over you both and take care of you, as I promised Stephen that night. Let me take Stephen's place, won't you?"

"Not as long as he is able to take his own!" cried a voice at the door.

It had opened and shut—somebody had come in—somebody was standing there with the strong sunlight on his faded uniform—somebody was holding out his one poor arm and calling us by our names!

It was Stephen! Not a dream, not a shadow, not a ghost, but our own precious boy, our dear, *dear* Stephen! No grass had grown over that familiar face, no grave-yard mould had touched it—it was Stephen in the flesh, pale, haggard, one arm gone, but yet, thank God! alive and well!

Clara had bounded to his breast. Evelyn was at his feet. Frederick was holding him in his arms—and *I*, what could I do but fall upon my knees, not half understanding how it had all come about, but thanking God out of the fullness of a grateful heart with a strong cry and tears.

The rest is easily told. Stephen had lost his arm in the engagement; and having crept into the woods, when night fell, faint with the loss of blood, was found by some timid Unionists, and nursed secretly, but carefully, through the long fever which followed. His youth and constitution saved him; his discharge was granted; and he had come back to find his family in mourning, and his own tombstone prematurely erected in the grave-yard. We have not yet discovered who the poor fellow was, whose similarity to Stephen so strangely misled them all; but we have given decent burial to some poor mother's darling. And we hope he is at rest. Frederick and Clara were married last night. And our light-hearted cripple has just been asking Evelyn, jokingly, her opinion of cork arms; and whether, considering the martial spirit of the times, a warrior with *one* arm would not be, after all, a more imposing bridegroom than a home-guard with two.

☞ The course of true love with a certain couple in Elmswell, England, recently terminated in a happy marriage, after a courtship of 26 years.

LINES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

To night, to-night my soul is sad,
For memory like a restless ghost,
Rustles along its vacant aisles,
And makes her moan for all that's lost.

For all that's lost; for all the wrecks
That float upon the Past's dark tide;
For joys that bird-like fled life's frosts,
And hopes that in their flushing died.

Oh! memory, cease thy lonely rounds,
Strain not thine eyes with looking back;
Nor tears nor blood can win one gem
Ingulfed within those waters black.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Ruth had slept but indifferently well the night before Christmas. Her maidenly dreams were vexed by images of bridal veils; jellies that poured from the moulds, in splashing, insipid liquids, when she would have had them pellucid, flavorous and firm; torn kid gloves, that could not be mended; burnt and curdled custards; cakes with sticky icing and streaky interiors; pie-crust, heavy with rancid butter, or tough as leather for want of the forgotten "shortening;" nuptial benedictions; showers of tears; hail-storms of kisses, congratulatory and confectionery; jumbled into a confusing, distracting medley that allowed her tortured brain not one hour of natural sleep out of the six she spent in bed.

"Upon my word," said the good soul, when a ray of red light from the coming sun flecked the grey East, and apprized her that the world would soon be awake. "Upon my word I don't believe I could have rested worse if I were expecting to be married myself to-day—and that is saying a good deal!"

By sunrise she was dressed and had mustered her troop of menials. The happy pair were to come home for the second day's feast, the splendor of which was to suffer no diminution by contrast with Mrs. Floyd's wedding supper. The same company would be present, and comparisons were inevitable. The dear woman was brave and confident in view of all this. She had not kept the cleanest house in three counties and the best table in six, for twenty years, to be appalled by the array of any odds of this kind that could be brought against her—no! not by the Floyds themselves, whose profuse hospitality was proverbial. So, buckling on her armor in the shape of an immense check apron; two breadths wide in the skirt, reaching to the bottom of her dress, and with a broad bib attached, which was pinned up to her double chin, she walked with her prim, but brisk little pace, to her cake-room.

Cake, cake, everywhere, and not a faulty crumb in the collection! Snowballs, whose hearts were yellow sponge, and their surfaces white satin; loaves of "pound," smooth, fluted, and beflowered, conical and hexagon, all rich enough to guarantee, on their own responsibility, a fit of dyspepsia to each rash taster among the expected guests; silver cake that, when cut and heaped in alternate slices with the gold, should present a pleasing sight to the eye and agreeable associations to the mind of the beholder; piles of slender "lady's fingers" and maccaroons, cocoa-nut and almond, light as a feather and sweet as sugar; two immense structures, precisely similar in size and shape, inwardly a toothsome but perilously indigestible conglomeration of currants, raisins, citron and spices, held together in a not-very-strong union by a cement of eggs, sugar and flour, made brittle with butter; externally, twin mountains of snow, wreathed with garlands of the same material as the icing; and upon the summit of each a pink Cupid; the festoon of roses, his insufficient twine, offering a self-evident apology for the exaggerated flesh color of his cuticle when the thermometer stood as it did this morning, at the freezing point. He trode with one foot upon a pair of hearts, also in sugar, spitted together by a red dart, and his bow was drawn at a venture.

Before these her *chefs d'ouvre*, being the bride and bridegroom's cakes, and destined to adorn the head and foot of her dessert table, Miss Ruth paused in full satisfaction, folded her hands upon the check apron, and set her head one side. A minute elapsed before she spoke or moved; then she inclined her head towards the other shoulder, gently rubbed her fat palms together, and sighed in sublime content.

"Yes!"

A shout of laughter from the open door behind her, answered. Her nephews, both early abroad on this morning, had encountered each other in the passage leading past the apartment devoted, for the time, to the genius who presides over "good things," and stopped simultaneously to inspect the array, and the chief priestess of the temple.

"Yes!" repeated Aunt Ruth, in an altered tone, a blush creeping up to her cap border.

The "particle," as first enunciated, denoted the height of mortal complacency; now it signified—"I know you wicked boys are making fun of me, but I don't care! I am strong in the consciousness of merit!"

They came in—Robert foremost—still laughing.

"Aunty! do you mean that Mrs. Lay, who-is-to-be, is to live by cake alone throughout the honeymoon? That would be rather too impressive an illustration of the saying, 'Sweets to the sweet!' Hey, Aleck?"

Aleck smiled, but somewhat constrainedly.

"I believe that caged humming birds are usually fed upon honey-paste, as the diet best suited to their constitutions and tastes, while in a state of bondage. Aunt Ruth, you have excelled yourself! I can say nothing more complimentary!"

"Wait until you see the jellies, blanc-manges, Charlottes, and ice-creams!" replied the housewife, in pardonable vanity. "Or, rather until you *taste* them! My good things are not show-pieces, fancy articles, to please the eye only, as you'll find out, Robert, when you eat your second day's dinner and supper."

"I do not feel, just now, as if I should ever care to eat another mouthful," said the groom expectant, with a slight grimace. "I was scared with visions last night; tormented by all sorts of hobgoblins, and an appetiteless this morning."

"Yes!" retorted Aunt Ruth, slyly.

"I suppose that it is a common symptom in the circumstances!" answered Robert, coloring a little, "but I had not expected to feel exactly as I do on this, my wedding-day."

"The smell of the cake is sickening to an empty stomach!" said Aleck, retreating towards the door. "I don't see how you can endure it, Aunt Ruth."

Robert overtook him upon the piazza.

"You do look pale, Al.!" he remarked, linking his arm in his brother's, and falling into step with him, in his hurried walk up and down the long porch. "I wish that I could attribute my uncomfortable sensations to bodily ailment! It may sound ungallant, unloverlike and pusillanimous, but I must confess that I could, without great repugnance, cast my vote for a postponement of the 'happy occasion,' ardently as I have desired its coming, from the earliest hour of my engagement. I wish it were all over! I grow positively nervous and tremulous in the anticipation."

His laugh did indeed shake, and his complexion, usually clear and sanguine, took a cadaverous tinge.

Aleck gnawed his moustache—a fierce, restless movement, he sought to conceal by passing his hand over his mouth.

"I suppose," he said, presently, "that, as Aunt Ruth intimated this species of stage-fright frequently seizes upon men in your position, and that persons of your temperament are peculiarly liable to fall victims to it."

The latter clause was added involuntarily, as it were, and Robert flushed up at the latent touch of meaning in the accent.

"It is sheer nervousness—nothing else!" he returned, eagerly—"induced, I verily believe, by the ugly dreams that beset my pillow all night. One vision haunts me wherever I look. I thought that I sat by Helen holding her hand, and talking earnestly and happily of the life upon which we were about entering, when, all at once, she started up and confronted me, and I saw, instead of her features—ugh. I will not tell you of the horrid sight! Yet I dreamed this three times, and awoke half dead with fright."

"You had the night-mare. The sights and smells of hot sweets that have hung about the premises lately have been enough to give any one dyspeptic visitings. Do not dwell upon such fancies! You are but deepening impressions unsuited to your real feelings and the actual event before you. What a splendid day!"

"Is it not?" With his accustomed elasticity of mood Robert welcomed the change of theme. "Happy the bride that the sun shines on! May this bright Christmas morning be an augury of good to her! I shall try to make her happy! If zealous endeavor and ardent desire of mine can do this, she will never have cause for sorrow. Yet I have not been without my doubts on this head."

Aleck made no reply, and they took several turns in their promenade before the other resumed:

"She is a singular girl—a woman of marked character, and I have often feared, recently, that we did not quite understand one another; asked myself if we ever would attain to that perfection of mutual confidence that constitutes so large a proportion of the happiness of the true marriage. There seems to be a back-ground of motive and feeling to which I am denied admittance. Yet I do love her! I have loved her from the time when we were happy children together—we three, and—Lily Calvert!"

There was a slight hesitancy in his pronunciation of the last name, and Aleck's eyes fell quickly—burningly—upon the speaker's countenance.

"Is she the cause of the misunderstanding you deplore?" he asked, sternly.

"Partly—and yet, no! You wrong poor Lily, Aleck, and I fear that Helen does also. I know the child better than either of you can do. There are many allowances to be made for her."

"You make many, I see! But we will not revive that subject on this day of all others. A year hence these trivial differences of opinion and feeling between us will be forgotten, will have died a natural death and be buried without parade. And sooner still will fade into empty air the imaginary want of confidence and congeniality between your wife and yourself."

"You are the prince of prophets—the king of seers! Away with bugbears and dreams! Vive l'amour!" called Robert, swinging his hat around his head, while the early sunshine wove of his fair hair a glittering crown.

Aleck looked at him with a loving, aching heart.

"You are a handsome fellow, Robert! I do not wonder all the girls fall in love with you!"

"Nonsense! You are the right sort of man to play the deuce with the softer sex! tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed and 'bearded like the pard'—grand, gloomy and peculiar, as that rattle, Virginia Shore, called you in my hearing one day. I have said to Helen several times that it was strange she had not taken you instead of me. You would have made a splendid couple!"

"Don't, Robert! it is both wrong and foolish to run on in that strain," said Aleck, in grave, sad rebuke. "I cannot understand how you bring yourself to jest upon such a theme—how you endure the imagination of resigning her you love to another."

"Because it is an imagination, and nothing else! What a glorious day! Did you ever breathe such invigorating air before—ever see such sunlight? Every beam is clarified to diamond purity and lustre. 'Happy the bride that the sun shines on,' I say again! What is the corresponding adage? There is one, isn't there?"

"'Blessed the corpse that the rain falls upon,' I believe," responded his brother. "It runs somewhat after that fashion."

"For pity's sake, man, keep your death's heads out of sight when you can!" Robert exclaimed, half-angrily. "I had a surfeit of them last night. What have they to do with daylight and bridals, I should like to know? But, isn't that Gabriel trotting down the road? I hope nothing has gone wrong at Belleview."

They walked out to the gate to meet the Cimmerian Mercury. His grin and bow, in nearing them, his saucily-deferential, "Christmas gift, my marster's!" dispelled whatever anxiety either might have experienced as to any outward calamity in his master's household.

"All well, Mars' Robert?" he replied to the inquiry after the health of the family. "I've brung a note for you, sur."

Aleck turned to go back to the house as this was presented, but, against his will his falcon eye saw the address before he wheeled—so carelessly was the transfer from one hand to the other performed. The billet was directed to "Mr. Robert C. Lay, Greenfield. *In haste*," and the chirography resembled Lily's, he thought. It was assuredly not Helen's. He had paced the porch for perhaps fifteen minutes when Robert joined him. Aleck had seen him scribble something with a pencil upon a scrap of paper, using the gate-post for a desk; fold it, and give it to the messenger; Gabriel, meanwhile, sitting still upon his horse and eyeing the operation from under the brim of his old felt hat with intense interest. When he had deposited the reply in the crown of the said head covering, he set off on a gallop in the direction of home. Then the bridegroom came slowly up the walk, wearing a very unbridegroomlike aspect, re-reading the tiny, gilt-edged sheet. He thrust it into his vest-pocket as he reached the steps; mounted them, and continued the exercise the boy had interrupted. He volunteered no explanation of what Aleck had seen and overheard, although he looked worried and perplexed, and sighed repeatedly in deep thought or sadness.

Finally, when the breakfast-bell ended their matutinal stroll, and disturbed his reverie, he said, with an appearance of frankness, laying his hand upon his brother's shoulder,—

"I am ready to acknowledge that you know my weak points better than I do myself, Al.! I wish I were more like you in certain respects."

"You have chosen a sorry exemplar!" replied the other. "Act out what conscience and honor dictate, Robin, and you cannot go wrong."

"Is the voice of feeling then to be wholly disregarded?" asked Robert, looking down.

"If it militates against the other, and surer monitors—yes—a thousand times, yes!" said Aleck, emphatically.

And, "Ah! brother mine! we are made of different stuff! where you would be adamant, I am very soft wax—a fickle, cowardly dog!" ended the dialogue, for Aunt Ruth, to whom every minute of daylight was now precious, appeared in the house door to expedite their progress to the dining-room.

Robert had, as he had said, little or no appetite for food, but he either was, or feigned to be in finer spirits than he had been able to summon, an hour previous. He rallied Miss Ruth upon her household arrangements; prophesying all manner of failures in the delicate and critical manufactures that yet remained to be perfected; teased her about an antiquated bachelor planter, a former beau of hers, who had, he affirmed, been fitted by a Baltimore tailor with a bran-new suit of clothes, to be sported that night, in the hope of tempting her to a reconsideration of the discard she had given him twenty-five years ago; condoled with his brother, because of the probable state of utter isolation that menaced him in his sojourn at Maple Hill, in view of his housekeeper's defection and desertion; inquired gravely from whose establishment the marriage would take place, and warmly advocated the claims of Greenfield to that honor; in fine, conducted himself in such a wild, inconvenient manner, that his aunt was heartily rejoiced when he obeyed her commands and quitted the table.

Aleck met him soon afterwards on the stairs, equipped for a ride.

"You allow yourself ample time for your jaunt!" observed the elder brother, taking out his watch. "I meant to ride with you so far as our way remained the same, but I have not ordered my horse yet."

"You are very kind, and I should like to have your company, but I am in a hurry," said Robert, pulling on a tight, new buckskin glove, and studiously avoiding Aleck's eye.

"It is but half-past nine, and I understood you to say that you were to meet Colonel Floyd at the Clerk's office by eleven."

"Oh! for that matter twelve would do as well as eleven, if the Colonel is faithful to his practice of unpunctuality," replied Robert, with an indifferent effort to speak gayly. "But the truth is, that I have another engagement at ten—one that I ought not to put off. I dare say you might not deem it obligatory upon yourself to keep it—you are such a stone pillar in firmness and fixity, when you will it to be so. I ought not to say more to you about this, much as I would like to make a clean breast to my father-confessor. I believe you never unwarily get yourself into a scrape. I do! and I am afraid I have done it now. Don't look as if you thought me the worse fellow living, please! Be as charitable to me as you can, old boy! If the right time ever comes while you and I are in the flesh, I may explain matters more to your satisfaction than now seems credible to you. Good-bye!"

Could the loving kinsman ever judge harshly of him, while the image of that face with its sweet smile and ingenuous eyes remained stamped upon the mind's retina? so long as the pleading tones, gentle and fond, yet not free from mournfulness, continued to sound in his ears? Adamantine-pillar, though his brother regarded him, Aleck would, if questioned thus, at that moment, have replied indignantly in the negative.

"Robert!" called Miss Ruth, hearing the ring of his iron heel upon the frozen walk outside the window of the pantry, where she was up to her ears—figuratively speaking—in calves' foot jelly.

She threw up the sash, and he leaned upon the sill.

"Where are you going?" inquired the aunt, without suspending her occupation of whipping into aggravated pallor and foam, the whites of a dozen eggs she had just broken into a dish upon the table.

"To the Court House."

"To get your license?"

"Even so. You are a very Yankee at guessing."

"You have put it off long enough."

"Maybe I feared that we might change our minds at the last moment. 'There's many a slip'—you recollect!"

"Yes!" intensely ironical.

"You need not speak as if that were impossible in this case! There is nothing certain in this world."

"Except death," said Aunt Ruth, solemnly oracular, feeling herself in duty bound not to omit an opportunity for dropping in a seed of exhortation.

"And taxes!" added Robert. "But I shall not believe that I am really going to commit matrimony, until I find myself face to face, with the parson. Aunty—you are looking divinely, to-day! Have you no bowels of mercy, that you can cooly contemplate the certainty of driving old Gales to desperation by the spectacle of your unapproachable charms?"

"Yes!" sneered Miss Massie, in lofty incredulity, but the wintry bloom deepened in her plump cheeks, and the egg-whisk flew like lightning through the stiffening froth.

"I never was more in earnest in my life!" pursued the nephew. "Look at me, as at an imperfect illustration of what his deplorable condition will be. Don't you see that I cannot tear myself from the survey of so much loveliness?"

Miss Ruth set down the dish, and picked up a switch from a bundle that lay near, to furnish rods for beating trifles and creams. Robert dodged the blow—not a heavy one, it must be owned.

"Cruel creature! is this the treatment which all your admirers are to receive?" he complained, at a safe distance. "Alas for Gale's new broadcloth!"

"When are you coming home?" inquired his aunt, dignifiedly. She would have no more of this foolery. "Mind—we must have an early dinner—at two o'clock, anyhow! There's a world of work to be done yet, and I can't be bothered with waiting for you boys. Aleck is always up to time, and, if you *are* in love, I want you to remember old habits for this once."

"I cannot promise! My present expectation is to get back in decent season for the ceremony to-night. If anything should happen to detain me beyond the hour, you and old Gales must be spliced in our stead—*pro bono publico*—which means for the satisfaction of your neighbors. It would never do to cheat the company out of the show they have assembled to behold. They might search far and near, without finding a more seraphic bride than you will make. Only—you ought to wear that bib-apron and enchanting cap, and go bare-armed, as you are now."

A pelting rain of empty eggshells upon his head and shoulders admonished him to retreat, which he did, reeling with laughter, and glancing over his shoulder at Aleck, who had remained upon the end of the piazza—a spectator of the spirited scene. How handsome and light-hearted he looked! Cravens and traitors never were such innocent and joyous mien!

"He may be misguided by judgment, unduly swayed by his pliable temper and tenderness of heart, but he can never be guilty of actual and deliberate wrong!" was Aleck's conclusion.

"That boy will plague the life out of me yet!" said Miss Ruth, in a tone intended to counterfeit peevishness. "I don't know what has got into him this morning. It's a bad sign for a bird to sing before breakfast. The cat will catch him before night, and Robert has begun the day in too great a glee. I just hope he mayn't change his tune before sundown—that's all!"

"It is not likely that he will!" returned Aleck, soberly. "Gayety is natural to him, and if ever man had an excuse for exuberance of spirit, he has. I am going over to Maple Hill presently, aunt. Can I do anything for you there, or on the way?"

"No, dear!" She petted her favorite "boy" more than ever now-a-days, from some indefinable maternal instinct that told her he stood in need of love and sympathy. "But I would like to have you come home by two o'clock, if you can, conveniently."

Her manner of suggesting the wish was very unlike the imperious style in which she had laid down the law to Robert.

"Do not wait for me! If I dine here, I shall return by that hour."

"You ought not to go at all, I think. You are looking badly. Come back early and take a nap this afternoon. This evening's work will be no trifle to you, seeing you are first groomsman and Robert's brother."

"You are very thoughtful, but I hope that I have strength to do and bear all that lies before me," responded Aleck, walking away.

He nor she dreamed what unforeseen exigencies the evening would bring.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not often that Aleck Lay's eyes played him false; yet, notwithstanding their evidence in this case, Gabriel was Helen's messenger. She had arisen early on her wedding-morn—before the herald ray that ended Aunt Ruth's uneasy slumbers pierced the darkness of the night—and committed to paper the substance of a confession composed during the many sleepless hours she had consumed in prayer and thought. She no longer withheld from her intended husband the secret of her prior attachment, while she sedulously concealed the name of the one she had loved, and all circumstances that might assist in leading Robert to a correct surmise as to his identity with his brother. She had suffered an early disappointment, she said; one that had, she was sometimes led to fear, deprived her of the power of ever loving again with equal fervor. While smarting under this blow, she had precipitately and wickedly received his attentions and entered into the engagement of marriage now existing between them.

"I beg that you will acquit me of having, in this transaction—culpable as it was—been guilty of willful wrong to you," she wrote, in continuation. "I was persuaded, when I promised you my hand, as I am now, that I could give you all the heart I have left to bestow upon any man. I love you sincerely, appreciatively, as a friend who is nearer to me even than a brother could be. I can pledge you my faith without a sigh for a happier lot; can take honestly upon me the vows of wedded fidelity. It will cost me no struggle to love, honor and obey one whom I know to be, in all respects, worthy of my affection and duty.

"Yet, before we set the indissoluble seal to a contract that death only can render void, it is best for both our sakes, that the work of self-examination should be severe and thorough, and its result undisguised from each other. I have unveiled my past history—the saddest chapter of my life to you, and I have surely a right to expect, if not to demand, a corresponding degree of candor in you. Robert! I charge you by every principle of truth, honor and manliness, to answer me plainly one question—*Do you love Lily Calvert?* I do not inquire if your conduct to her has been, in every respect, consistent with your engagements to myself; if you have ever given her cause to believe that your attachment for her transcended that which her old playfellow and friend might innocently indulge and manifest. I look deeper; appeal solemnly to the innermost depths of your own consciousness—depths unknown, save to yourself and your God. Marriage is a momentous step. I have felt this within the past twelve hours as I never thought to do. I beseech you to give the subject your most earnest consideration. If, as I apprehend, from my knowledge of facts connected with your intercourse with Lily, and my acquaintance with both your characters, you decide that your sentiments for her are more like those a husband should have for his wife than the love you bear me,—your way and mine are plain. Do not act unfairly to yourself and to me—cruelly to her, from the consideration that you have gone too far to retrace your course with honor. I have excellent reasons for believing that Colonel Floyd is already cognizant of your affection for his niece, and that your union with her would be far more acceptable to him than the one you at present contemplate.

"This is my proposition, if the result of your deliberation should be what I expect. Write me a line by the bearer of this, advising me of your purpose: then ride over to see Lily, this morning. Ask boldly for her, and if you gain her consent to the course we have concluded to adopt, afterwards keep your appointment with Colonel Floyd, and have the license filled up with your name and hers. I know what I say, when I assert that there is no likelihood of your meeting impediments in your path.—Even if you should, it is the right one—the only plan you can with rectitude pursue. This done, commit the rest to me. You have often praised my daring and self possession, and I engage to afford you, in this instance, a notable display of both qualities. Instead of frowns you shall meet nothing but smiles from the witnesses of your marriage ceremony; congratulations upon the cleverness of the ruse that has deluded the community into the belief that you were betrothed to one cousin, while you were really, with her knowledge and approbation, plighted to the other. I am aware that this looks like a bold scheme, and that my programme of arrangements is unprecedented in the chronicles of courtship; but, Robert, dear friend! we have had enough of half-confidences and harrowing misunderstandings. Let us, at the very base of the altar, throw off the mask of unworthy deception, that must work out a weary weight of misery to us in the end, and appear in our real characters—dare to tell the truth, and the whole truth! I plead for Lily's sake no less than for ours.

"But, if after all, my misgivings have been groundless, my penetration at fault with respect to your feelings in this affair; if you are still prepared to attest your love for me by marrying me, I stand ready and willing to fulfill my part of our agreement. A line or word sent by Gabriel to the effect that 'all is right' will suffice to convey your intention to me. Since I have confided to no one the step I have resolved to take in the writing of this note, there need be no inconvenient explanations. Matters can go on in their present train, and I shall expect you at the appointed hour. I leave the decision with you. It will be fraught with important consequences to us, and I pray—if indeed my unworthy petitions ever reach Heaven—that you may be guided aright. Whatever your determination may be, believe that I must ever remain

"Yours affectionately and truly,

"HELEN."

If this novel epistle strike somewhat too boldly at the root of established prejudices and precedent in love and match-making, the shocked reader will please bear in mind that the writer was, as her betrothed had affirmed, "a singular girl—a woman of marked character." This was further demonstrated by the exclamation with which she arose from her writing-table, when the departing footsteps of her post-boy had died away in the corridor.

"Now, whatever comes, I can respect myself once more!"

She had borrowed Gabriel privately from her aunt—an accommodation arranged between them the preceding evening—and to ensure secrecy on the subject of his errand, rather than to enjoin him to the needful exercise of faithfulness and dispatch, she had him summoned to her chamber and herself gave him his orders. The imp was agog with anticipations of "Christmas times," including the wedding, and Helen contributed further to his exhilaration by a bountiful douceur in honor of the day he was prepared to celebrate. But he hearkened with a tolerable semblance of decorous seriousness to her instructions, received the packet, and buttoned it with exceeding care inside of his roundabout, and pledged himself to inviolable discretion. He was very fond of Helen, whose steady favor and kindness was in grateful contrast to Mrs. Floyd's fidgettiness, her lord's harshness and Lily's caprices. His young mistress did not doubt that she could rely upon him in a matter requiring so much zeal and intelligence.

She enacted her part well at breakfast-time; was not only collected and cheerful in deportment, but vivacious in talk, with sprightliness more real in appearance than was Lily's factitious animation. The latter came down late, as she generally did, and, Helen fancied, avoided her cousin markedly and coldly.

"By-and-by," was the elder's consolation; "I may be permitted to tell her all, and she will do my affection justice. Until then the less we say to one another the better. I will not rush into temptation, and I must await *his* warrant for speech."

Altogether it was a merry party, with the exception of Colonel Floyd, whose settled moroseness did not affect them long, since he ate little, and withdrew from the table before any one else was half through the meal. The bride's room was the popular resort of the young ladies during the day, and Helen could not, without positive rudeness, seclude herself for thought or preparation. The gentlemen wisely dispersed to parts unknown directly after breakfast, most of them not showing themselves again until evening.

Helen was affecting to attend to and bear a part in the frivolous chit-chat rung into her nervous ears by the knot of idle pleasure-lovers about her, when Sally opened the door just wide enough to allow her mistress a glimpse of her face and made her a signal, unobserved by the others. Helen felt the blood curdle suddenly about her heart, and numbness seize upon her limbs at the apparition for which she had watched so long. The sign notified her of Gabriel's return. With an unintelligible murmur, intended as an apology to her associates for leaving them, she walked totteringly into the entry, where she found her messenger. It did not occur to her then that he looked or acted unlike himself, although his cowed, sulky behavior produced an unfavorable impression upon Sally, who was interrogating him with considerable asperity as to the causes of his dilatoriness.

"You stopped to play 'long the road, I'll be bound!" she was saying when Helen emerged from her chamber. "Or, you went out of your way to go by the Court House. That's always the way with you good-for-nothing chaps. So sure as you get a cent to spend, you're crazy 'till it's gone."

"That will do, Sally!" interposed Helen, faintly. "Did you deliver that letter safely, Gabriel?"

"Yes, ma'am!" dropping his head, with a hang-dog expression altogether unlike his accustomed pertness.

"And you have an answer for me?"

"No, ma'am. He say dere was none, and tole me jes' fur to tell you dat all was right," answered the page, mustering his briskness, but forlornly enough.

"You are sure? Have you made no mistake? Had you that message from Mr. Lay himself?" pressed Helen, in the earnestness of the dying hope whose existence she had not confessed to herself until this instant.

Annoyed or nerved to boldness by the implied doubt of the accuracy of his report, Gabriel looked up straight at her—an exhibition of courage or forwardness bordering upon effrontery.

"I done tell you de 'xact truth, Miss Helen! He say as how you'd onderstand it, and I must be pertickler to 'peat it jes' as he said it, and I 'sposed you would be satisfied ef he was!"

"You disrespectful little vilyan!" exclaimed Sally, lending him a cuff upon the ear. "Do you know who you're talkin' to?"

"You lemme 'lone now! you'd better!" growled the unlucky urchin, doubling up his fists. "I won't be blaggarded by women, and black ones at dat, nohow!"

"Shame!" Helen's native dignity was aroused at the disgraceful altercation. "You both forget where you are! I am ashamed of you! Gabriel! go down stairs directly. Sally I forbid you to speak to him again this day!"

Gabriel was too glad to slink away, wiping his eyes and nose upon his jacket-sleeve, but Sally stopped her mistress, who would have passed her by in offended silence.

"If you please, Miss Helen, I'm very sorry I've displeased you 'pon your weddin'-day, but I mistrusted that boy had been up to some mischief and maybe lost your letter or the answer—he looked so kind o' guilty, and I spoke sharp to him before I remembered myself—"

"Never mind, my good girl!" Helen interrupted the excuse, that was fast becoming a tearful one. "I know you meant it for the best. We are all apt to act hastily and foolishly sometimes, and, as you have said, it is my wedding day, and I ought to overlook trifles."

Her smile was positively ghastly as she repeated, musingly—"Yes! it is my wedding-day! There is no doubt of it now—none! none!"

She walked slowly away to the other extremity of the hall; halted by a window, and seemed to look out.

"It is a beautiful day!" she said at length, less dreamily. "I think, Sally, that I should enjoy one more good, long lonely walk in the woods. Will you bring me my hood and cloak? and take care that nobody sees you! I do not feel like having company."

She succeeded in escaping from the house and yard without being challenged, and took the beaten path to the spring. At the rocky seat beside it she paused a long while, remembering what was buried beneath the rugged tomb, and the binding words—more binding now than ever—so soon to be irrevocable—that had been spoken above it—"Until Death parts us!" Then, stooping and pressing her hand, as in caressing farewell, upon the rough, gray surface, she said firmly—"Let the dead Past bury its dead!" and ascended the wooded eminence beyond.

She stopped again when she reached the great oak where she and Robert had held their "business talk" on that moonlight November night. The first shadow of estrangement had fallen upon them, then and there. It was all her fault that the cloud arose—since, while she was striving to act up to the strict requirements of the duty she owed him, her heart was in wild, almost unconquerable revolt.

"No wonder that he was chilled and repelled! no wonder that I have absolutely driven him from me scores of times since then; forced him to seek consolation in another's sympathy, if not happiness in another's love! But we understand each other now—quite well! With our eyes open to the truth, each knowing the other's peculiar temptation, we are ready to unite hands and lives "for better, for worse." Heaven helping me, I shall try to please him in all things; to make him content, that he may not repent his choice!"

How vividly every incident of that evening stroll was stamped upon her memory! Even Sally's sleepy approach and the reason she had given her mistress, subsequently, for her interruption of the lovers' conversation were not forgotten. The fugitive Lem had never been recovered, but the dread of runaways, so common among the women and children of the slave-holding states—the bugaboos of nursery and fireside tales—had never had a hold upon Helen's mind. What she most feared just now was the society of her fellows; what she sought, in her feverish restlessness of body and spirit, was solitude for reflection—and to gain it she plunged more deeply into the trackless forest. The ravines, whose moss-grown depths and sides, thickly fringed with brushwood, afforded cool and tempting retreats in the summer's heat, offered, at this season, warmer nooks than were to be found upon higher ground. At the distance of nearly half a mile from the spring, Helen espied a resting place that suited her fancy and purpose. Letting herself down a steep bank, overhung by dwarf cedars, she gained a white stone deeply imbedded in moss and fallen leaves—and, although but a few feet above the frozen rivulet that had worn the chasm to its great depth, forming a dry and comfortable seat. It had been one of her girlhood's tricks to seek out such nooks and take possession of them while she read, studied or dreamed, as her mood disposed her to do.

She was not studying or dreaming now, she would have said, yet she had matter for thought that kept her there a long while—how long she never exactly knew. She sat motionless as the stone itself, leaning listlessly against the stout cedar clump that kept off the wind if there were any stirring. There were not many, and they were exceedingly trivial occurrences to diversify the monotonous passage of the hours or minutes whichever they were. A torpor of misery had complete mastery over her, and with a dull consciousness that after this woesome day, it would be crime to yield to its desolate entrancement, she was passive, and let the gloomy spell work unchecked. The penitence and higher resolve of the preceding night were recalled in stupid marvel how she happened to feel thus, what power supported her then and bore her thoughts and aspirations into a purer, nobler sphere. She could not pray or determine now. She had expended her energy in penning that useless, maybe worse than useless letter which Robert had not deemed worthy of a line of reply. The die was cast by another's hand, and she must abide by the throw. Ah, well! what was easier, in the abstract, than to do nothing? How arduous she found the practice of quiescence concerned nobody except herself.

A few winter birds hopped from bough to bough of the cedars in quest of the blue berries that grew thereupon. She smiled vacantly in perceiving that they were not scared at seeing her. Perhaps their bright eyes were too intent upon their search for food to observe the presence of the intruder, for her green cloak and hood offered no striking contrast to the dark verdure of the evergreens. Once she heard a gun—not very far away it seemed in the still, clear day—but the report did not startle her—only as it served to awaken more poignant reminiscences than those upon which she was meditating when the sharp echo rolled through the leafless woods, was caught and repeated by the ravines and died away sullenly among the distant hills. Did Aleck ever think of her last hunt? of the watch she had kept beside him in the Greenfield woodlands? Was the scar yet upon his shoulder? What a cruel wound it was! how fast the blood trickled through her fingers as she renewed the compress Robert had applied, when it became deranged by an incautious movement of the injured lad! Had he forgotten all these things? Did he hate and despise her when he looked at the mark left by the shot?

She wished, at times, that he did hate her, and that she knew, for certain, that he felt this aversion. Any active sentiment would be preferable to his unvarying coldness, his studied civility, his constrained address.

"How little I imagined in the dear old times—"

She did not finish the sentence, but a single tear forced its way from under the lid and dropped upon her hand. She shed but that one.

Again, a crow sailed slowly between her and the sun, and the shadow crossing the gully, made her look up. He uttered a hoarse croak, just as the shade of his black pinions fell upon her brow.

"A bird of ill-omen!" she thought, languidly. "Portents cannot terrify me now! I am like the man upon the wheel, to whom has been mercifully dealt the *coup de grace* as the first blow!"

Awhile later—she did not trouble herself to think or care how long afterwards—there arrived another interruption to the sluggish current of ideas. This was the tramp of a horse's hoofs breaking the dry sticks, and rustling the dead leaves that strewed the ground under the trees.

"It will be time enough to move, or take flight, when I am seen," was her reflection; and her indolence or listlessness prompted her to the wisest plan for avoiding discovery.

The rider was forcing his way through the undergrowth, there being not even a bridle-path in that part of the forest. It could not be the hunter, whose gun she had heard, for the Belleview lands were posted, and no sportsman in the neighborhood was so reckless or intrepid as to trespass upon a domain guarded by the law and a master like the proprietor of this plantation.—It must be Colonel Floyd himself or his colored overseer, or, possibly, some other negro belonging to the estate, taking a near cut to the house, from the main road. Yet this would be an unusual procedure. In spiritless curiosity, she leaned slightly to one side, where a gap in the bushes promised a sight of the equestrian. It was but a glimpse, and an imperfect one which she obtained, the head and neck of the horse and the upper part of the rider's body only being visible above the high bank. The animal stepped proudly, and manifested some symptoms of restivness, curvetting in such a style as to elicit a sharp reprimand from the man who bestrode him.

"Go on, you fool," he said, angrily.

It seemed that a prick of the spur or a cut from a whip followed, for the mettled creature gave a forward spring and a neigh of pain or viciousness. The human brute was Booker, Colonel Floyd's confidential agent. He was looking right ahead, and was, moreover, too busy with his ill-mannered steed to notice her. She was glad of this, for his intolerable surveillance and reports based upon it, were not confined to the cases of his fellow-servants,—as Mrs. Floyd, his nominal mistress, had occasionally learned, to her sorrow, after having covertly transgressed some of the by-laws her lord had seen fit, in his sovereign pleasure, to enact for the government of the household. Helen disliked the man with a heartiness she took no pains to dissemble, and crafty as he was, he had contrived to express to her, at seasonable opportunities, his reciprocation of the antipathy. It was very fortunate that he had not descried her, hiding, like a lost or fugitive thing, in that out-of-the-way spot, where no other lady of the family or region would ever think of coming. Her guardian would otherwise have been supplied with a subject for sneering ridicule, which he would have improved to the utmost advantage, and whenever she least desired its introduction. She waited, therefore, where she was, until there was no longer any danger of encountering the spy in his forest-beat, or of falling in with one she cared still less to face—Colonel Floyd. Like hunter and hound, they were seldom far apart in their business rounds, by day or by night.

Stiff and chill, from having sat for such a length of time upon the ground, she arose with difficulty, climbed the precipitous side of the ravine; listened for a moment to make sure that the way was clear, and set out for home. When free of the woods, she was surprised to see that the sun had passed the meridian. Mrs. Floyd, like Miss Ruth, had ordered an early dinner, and Helen was not so careless of gossipping tongues might say, as willfully to provoke the hubbub of inquiries and teasing observations to which she would be subjected, should she be missing from the table and the house when the rest were summoned to that repast.

She found Gabriel at the spring, leisurely filling a pail with a gourd.

"Is dinner nearly ready," she asked.

He jumped up, letting go the gourd, and it splashed back into the spring.

"Oh, is dat you, Miss Helen? How you skeered me!"

She repeated her question.

"No, ma'am—not as I knows on—leastways, marster ain't come home, nohow!"

He raised the pail to his head in a mighty hurry, and began his journey up the acclivity towards the house.

"Has anybody called to see me since I went out?" Helen quickened her pace to overtake him.

"No, ma'am," walking yet faster.

"And no letter or message sent that you have heard of?"

"None as I've heerd on, ma'am!" puffing onwards, the water dashing in great streams from the brimming vessel, down upon his shoulders and sooty physiognomy.

"There is no need of such haste, Gabriel!" said Helen, smiling, in spite of her heavy heart, at this ostentatious celerity in one who had the reputation of being the laziest fellow on the place. "I may not have another opportunity of speaking with you alone."

Gabriel was almost running now, but she kept up with him.

"I want to tell you how sorry poor Sally is for her unkindness to you, this morning, and how much I blame her for it. She is disposed to be hasty, but she is a good-hearted girl, and likes you. I do not want you to bear a grudge against her or me when we are gone. You have done me many friendly turns, for which I shall always be thankful, and if at any time I can be of service to you, you must not be afraid to apply to me. Oh, Gabriel! stop! I am out of breath!"

Thus adjured, the hurrying Aquarius stood still in his tracks; but, instead of facing her in respectful attention, he made a feint of digging out his eyes with his wet knuckles, and burst out crying.

"Why, my boy! what ails you?" inquired the young lady, in amazement. "Are you sorry that I am going away?"

"No-o-o, ma-a-a-m!"

"Indeed! I had hoped that you were!" returned Helen, laughingly. "What, then, is the matter?"

"I don't mean I ain't sorry! Boo-hoo!"

Rivulets of salt water mixed themselves with the fresh upon his shining cheeks.

"You scoundrel! what are you fooling there about?" roared a voice from the house-yard, now only some twenty feet distant.

"My gracious! if thar ain't marster!" exclaimed the frightened boy, and he resumed his labored flight along the path, breathless under his burden, and palpitating with fear.

He was not disappointed in the reception he met. Colonel Floyd waited for him at the gate; bestowed a curse and several blows of his riding-whip upon him as he passed through; then glowered at his wife's niece, as if anathematizing the accident of sex that prevented him from saluting her in like manner.

"So, my young lady, this is the company you select upon your wedding-day!" he snarled. "I hope his conversation has edified you!"

Without deigning a reply, she trod past him with her queen-like, elastic step; not hurriedly, but as if she had not seen or heard him.

"You still expect your gallant, to-night, do you?" he followed her to say.

"Are you speaking to me, or to Gabriel, Colonel Floyd?" she interrogated, casting a side ray of supreme disdain at him.

His complexion had a purplish flush; his eyes a wild, unsettled glare; his articulation was thick and tremulous.

"He has been drinking!" thought his ward, in disgust. "I may steel myself for any amount of insult."

"I am talking to you! You are hoping to welcome your devoted swain in season for the ceremony, are you?"

"If you mean Mr. Lay, I expect him, certainly!" walking on.

"He was in no haste to procure his license," her tormentor continued, still at her heels. "I waited for him a good hour-and-a-half."

"You will oblige me, Colonel Floyd, by never opening your lips to me again with respect to the matter officiously brought forward by you last night!" returned Helen, confronting him courageously, and speaking with authority. "I wish you to understand distinctly, now and forever, that there is a complete understanding between Mr. Lay and myself, upon this, and every other subject. Your interference is impertinent and unwelcome. I trust that I have made my meaning sufficiently intelligible. Mr. Lay is competent to the management of his own affairs and mine also."

She went into the house, without staying to witness the effect of her declaration of independence.

Virginia Shore assailed her in the lower hall.

"Helen Gardner! you strange, mysterious, provoking girl! where in the name of common sense, and everything else that is reasonable, have you been traipsing to? Here is the day two-thirds gone, and not an individual thing done. And don't you think? something or somebody upset Lily's elegant orange-tree, last night, and snapped ever so many of the finest branches, so we girls have been busy gathering the flowers from them and putting them in water, and isn't it a mercy they were so little withered, and are reviving beautifully, and we find there are enough to distribute among all seven bouquets, unless you are bent upon having yours composed altogether of orange blossoms, which isn't in the least necessary, it seems to me, for there are white rose-buds, and candy tuft, and feather-fen, and a lovely camelia, if you must have all white flowers, as I suppose you will, and geraniums and arbor-vitæ for greens; then, too, I am certain that Mr. Lay will send your bouquet from Greenfield; he hinted something of the kind to me,—and, would you believe it? there's Lily gone to bed with a bad, sick head-ache,—she always picks the most inconvenient season to have them! and won't let a soul of us come near her room, and Mrs. Floyd is afraid she won't be able to be down to-night; says she has fever and all that, and in that case, what will you do for a first bridesmaid? Dear me! what unlucky things do happen at weddings sometimes!"

This breathless string of talk was rattled out while pursuing Helen up-stairs to the chamber of the latter, where Miss Shore threw herself into a chair, and declared that she was "fagged out—half-dead, in fact!"

"I am sorry to hear that Lily is sick!" was Helen's reply, while Sally divested her of her cloak and walking-shoes. "She appeared quite well at breakfast-time, I thought. I am afraid she has over-exerted herself."

"Between you and me, she has fretted herself sick—if she *is* sick—about the accident in the green-house—if it was an accident!" said Virginia, knowingly. "You never saw such a look as went over her face, when she heard of it. I found it out, just after you took such very cool French leave of us. I was hunting high and low for you, and peeped into the green-house, among other places, and there lay the stand, pot, and all, upon the floor! So I tore off up-stairs to tell the news. I really thought that Lily was going to strike me, at first! She grew paler than a corpse, and her eyes blazed like lightning, I can tell you! She caught her breath, like one strangling, when I tried to pacify her by saying that no doubt the mischief was done unintentionally, in the dark, by a dog, or one of the servants.

"No!" she said, in a sort of choked whisper. "I know all about it! It was not an accident! I will be revenged for that piece of spite, if I die for it!"

"Why, Lily," I said, "how unkind and unreasonable!" But she would not listen—only took herself off to her room and bed, and there she has been ever since! Who would believe that she could be so peppery a little vixen when she is once aroused?"

Helen thought sadly and deeply for several moments upon what she had heard. In the pressure of anxieties personally so much more momentous, the damage done her cousin's pet shrub had entirely escaped her mind, until it was recalled by Virginia's narrative. If Lily were indeed so distressed at the disaster as her volatile friend represented, she might be conciliated by a truthful statement of the manner in which the misadventure occurred, and Helen's regret at having been innocently the cause of it. As a preliminary step, she dispatched Sally to Lily's room to inquire how her headache was, and request the privilege of an audience for her mistress.

The tiring-woman returned in high dudgeon.

"The door was locked on the inside, Miss Helen, and when I knocked that impudent Sylvy opened it a little ways, and peeped through the crack, and had the assurance to tell me that Miss Lily had just fallen asleep, and musn't be waked on no account. Then she shut too the door again, and I heard her with my own blessed ears speak to Miss Lily kinder easy-like, and Miss Lily answer her. Asleep—ha? Humph!"

"There! that will do!" Helen arrested her indignant volubility, and congratulated herself, that Virginia had flitted off to some other part of the house before this item could be added to her budget of scandal.

She did not censure Lily for averting an eclaircissement that would be productive of embarrassment to them both, and, moreover, it would be of no avail now. Her destiny, and, so far as a strange fatality had intertwined Lily's with it—hers, also, were no longer in her hands. Robert's laconic, but significant message, and his non-appearance had settled that matter.

The afternoon wore away all too rapidly to the idle, taciturn bride, as to the fussy, excited bridesmaids, and another starlight evening, as cloudless and colder than yesterday's, came on. The marriage service was to be recited at eight o'clock, which, in the accommodating phraseology and according to the pliant customs of that region, meant any time from half-past eight to ten. The more unpunctual a bridal procession contrived to be the more aristocratic were the performances esteemed. Nevertheless, at six o'clock, Helen cleared her apartment of the chattering, officious sisterhood, who clamored for the honor of assisting at her toilette, rejecting their overtures kindly, yet peremptorily; fastened the door upon the last of the reluctant exiles, who was, of course, Virginia Shore, and sat herself down before the mirror to have her hair dressed by Sally's skillful fingers. The maid's manipulations upon the luxuriant locks were conducted silently. If her heart had not been too full for useless speech, a glance at the grave settled features, so young in outline and color, so old in expression, which were reflected in the glass, would have sealed her mouth. She comprehended, in some dim and imperfect fashion, that her mistress did not go to her bridal as most other women she had seen arrayed for their nuptials had done; that there was no tremulous joy, no excess of happiness in the suppressed sighs that, ever an anon, heaved her breast; no delicious dreaming in the thoughtful eyes that seemed to study the untried Future.

The glossy hair was wound smoothly around the classic head, braided and looped at the back, and Sally was obliged to speak.

"You will not have the flowers put in just yet, will you, Miss Helen? They will droop and wither before you are ready to go down."

Helen aroused herself and glanced at the white buds with their graceful group of leaves, simply beautiful, in spite of Virginia's abuse. They awaited her pleasure in a small vase upon the dressing-table.

"They will! you are right. Perhaps I may not wear them after all. We will attend to that by and by."

"The young ladies all seemed to admire the pearls most," suggested Sally, timidly. "And don't you think, Miss Helen, that Mars' Aleck—"

Helen raised her hand with a frown. "Not a word more, Sally! When I am at a loss what to do, I shall ask other people's advice, not before."

Further debate was prevented by a knock at the door.

"What do *you* want?" said Sally, snappishly, unlocking it, and in unthinking imitation of her favorite detestation, Sylvia, opening it far enough to allow the tip of her nose to be seen by the person without.

The reply was in the voice of an under housemaid, whom the brisk Sally was wont to denominate a "stupid, no-account body, who went through the world with her eyes and ears shut."

"Mr. Lay down sta'rs. Want to see Miss Helen d'rectly, if she can come down. He won't keep her more'n a minute, he say. He in de office."

"The office! what did you show him in there *for*, you goose? It's dark as pitch, and cold as Christmas, besides being dirty as a pig-stye!"

"Marster made me light a fire dar, today, and he's been a-settin' by it, constant, from dinner to supper-time," drawled the woman, "and Mr. Lay, he asked Gabriel to take him somewar', whar' he could see Miss Helen by sheself. Gabriel, he took him in de office, and *sent* me for to let Miss Helen know—"

"Isn't your marster in there now?"

"No—he went away somewar', 'pon horseback—he an' Uncle Booker, nigh 'pon half an hour ago. Dey ain't got home yet."

While this colloquy was going on, Helen had thrown off her white wrapper, and, with the utmost haste her shaking fingers permitted her to use, put on, in its stead, a crimson dressing-gown—part of her bridal outfit—which had been hung over a chair near by.

"Let me pass!" she said, trying to knot the massive cord around her waist, as she spoke.

"There's no hurry, dear Miss Helen, (you be gone, Judy!) there's not the least hurry in the world, my dear young mistress!" reiterated Sally, soothingly, taking hold of the silken cable, and tying it herself, "Mars' Robert knows you've got to dress, and he's one of the thoughtfulest men that ever was born. It's likely he wants to ask some question about the ring, or the glove, or some sech little thing, and he shows his sense by not trusting his message to any of them harum-scarum young ladies—for if I may make so free as to speak my mind for once, I never see a wilder set. Here's your handkerchief, and now you are all ready, and pretty as a pictur', and I'll be bound Mars' Robert will tell you so. I shouldn't wonder if he begged you to be married in that dress. I'll go with you to light you through the dark entry."

Encouraged by this homely and cheering strain of re-assurance, Helen went quickly down the stairway, and through the dining-room, encountering only servants on the way to the "dark entry," which was the narrow passage connecting the last mentioned apartment with the office. The attached maid stood midway between the two rooms, holding her candle above her head, until her mistress, having hesitated for an instant upon the threshold of the farther, to gather breath or resolution, turned the bolt of the door, and disappeared from the loving eyes watching her.

There was a handful of smouldering coals and a smoking log or two in the fireplace. A solitary candle was upon the mantel, but its yellow flame gave light enough to enable Helen to recognize the person who advanced to meet her.

It was not Robert, but Aleck Lay!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNOWBALLING IN THE ARMY.—A letter from the 26th New Jersey regiment, dated the 25th ult., states that they were at Camp Fairview and had just been defeated in a snow-ball contest with a Vermont regiment. About 1,000 men were engaged—400 Jerseymen against 600 Vermonters. Before entering on the engagement, skirmishers were thrown out on both sides, and the conflict began with colors flying and the band playing Rory O'More. Col. Morrison gallantly led his men, ordering them to "charge," "close up en masse," &c., and for some time the issue was doubtful, the air being filled with the flying balls, and each side cheering lustily. The line of the 26th at last wavered, and though the reserves were brought up they were of no avail. Col. Morrison, and other officers were taken prisoner, an embankment in the rear of the 26th was captured, and the balls prepared for the defence were used against them; the colors of the 26th were also taken, and their headquarters seized by the victorious Vermonters amid deafening cheers. The prisoners were subsequently released.

A jockey lord met his old college tutor at a great horse fair. "Ah, Doctor," exclaimed his lordship, "what brings you here among these high-bred cattle? Do you think you can distinguish a horse from an ass?" "My Lord," replied the tutor, "I soon perceived you among the horses."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE THEATRE OF EPHESUS.—The ancient theatre of Ephesus has recently been examined and measured. It must have been the largest ever erected. Its diameter was 660 feet, 40 more than the major axis of the Coliseum. Allowing fifteen inches for each person, it would accommodate 56,700 spectators. This edifice was the scene of Appolonius's miracles. It is memorable for the uproar described in Acts XIX., when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. To this edifice the writer to the Corinthians alluded probably, when he said:—"If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me?"

COTILLIONS FASHIONABLE.—One of the characteristics of the soirees at the Tuileries is the injunction laid upon all men by the Empress to dance the cotillon. Neither age nor profession are exempt. The Emperor laughs heartily at his own and others' awkwardness, but accepts the obligation with good humor. The new figure—introduced last time only—was called "The Mule of Arragon," and consists in the endeavor to hook the little bell with which each dancer is armed to the dress of the leader; the effect of the jingling and the excitement of the pursuit make this one of the prettiest figures yet invented.

ADELINA PATTI TO BE MARRIED.—There is a rumor that the charming little Patti is going to be married immediately, and she will retire from public life altogether. This will be a terrible loss to the musical world.

RISE IN STEAMBOAT STOCK.—It is astonishing, says the Pittsburg Chronicle, the rise that has taken place in the value of steamboat stock within a few months. Boats which a year ago went begging at $7,000 now command $12,000, and if they are of light draft, and have not been too long in service, they cannot even be bought at that. This arises as well from the scarcity of good boats now, as from the increased price of labor of every kind.

GEN. ROSECRANS ON REBELS WEARING OUR UNIFORMS.—It having been frequently reported to Gen. Rosecrans that Confederate soldiers approach our lines dressed in our uniforms, and that they have appeared thus in battle, and have even, savage-like, carried our colors to deceive us, he has issued an order declaring "that none so dressed shall receive, when captured, the rights of prisoners of war, and that, in battle, no quarter be given them. When captured singly or in squads, prowling about our lines, they shall be deemed spies and treated accordingly."

THE pneumatic despatch tube is now fairly in operation between two of the London city post-office stations, and will be speedily extended to others. The present route is not very long, something under a mile, but the mail carts require upwards of ten minutes for each trip, while the mail bags are blown through the tube in fifty-five seconds. To prove the complete practicability of the system, two persons were the other day conveyed through the tube without experiencing the slightest discomfort.

THE New York brokers are selling foreign exchange for gold, only, and are charging 116.

GEN. DODGE, commanding the district of Corinth, reports unparalleled outrages committed by the rebel troops on defenceless citizens of Alabama. Old men and young girls have been wantonly murdered for their Union sentiments.

THE rebels, under Van Dorn, made an advance on Franklin, Tenn., on Wednesday, the 4th, but were met by Gen. Rosecrans' advance, who drove them back after a sharp fight.

THE Petersburg Express tells us of a late rally of Unionists in Yadkin county, N. C., where a number of them took refuge in a Quaker church and defended themselves with arms against rebel efforts to conscript them, killing two and losing two, the rest getting off safely to the mountains.

BY latest news from the Alabama we learn that she was at Cayman Island on the 6th ult., trying to ship men, and had been ordered off by the authorities. Admiral Wilkes and four war steamers were outside blockading the Alabama, and would, it is hoped, succeed in capturing her.

REBEL dispatches from Charleston say that the Union fleet at Port Royal numbers 123 vessels, including three frigates and 20 gunboats. The rest are chiefly transports. There are now 30,000 men collected there, and more are expected.

THE rebel official account of the capture of the Indianola asserts that she was very much damaged, and subsequently sunk, when her upper works were taken out. If so, she is of no use to the rebels.

THE destruction of the rebel steamer Nashville, near Savannah, is fully confirmed by the Richmond papers. She ran ashore, and one of our iron-clads set her on fire with an incendiary shell.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been unsettled and dull during the entire week. The sales comprise about 10,000 bbls, mostly taken for export, at $6@6,37½ for common and good superfine; $6,75@7,45 for extras; $7,37½@8 for extra family, and $9@10 for fancy brands. Rye Flour is dull, and offered at $5 ℘ bbl, without sales to any extent. Corn Meal comes in slowly, but the demand is limited at $4 for Penna, and $4,75 ℘ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair demand for Wheat, but at a decline of 3@5c on the quotations of last week, and some 50,000 bus have been taken, mostly for shipment, at $1,70@1,75 for good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store, closing with more sellers than buyers, and very dull at our lowest figures. White ranged at $1,80@2 as in quality, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania has been selling at $1@1,05. Corn is rather lower, with more offering, and about 40,000 bus new yellow found buyers at 90@87c for dry lots and 83@85c for damp, in the cars and afloat. We quote at 87½@88c. Some white sold at the same figure. Oats are better and the sales large, reaching some 50,000 bus, mostly good Pennsylvania, at 64@66c for 32 lbs, and Southern at 45c, measure. Of Barley sales are reported at $1,45@1,50, and white Beans at $2,90 ℘ bus.

PROVISIONS continue in good demand at fully former rates, with light receipts and stocks for the season, and Pork is selling in a small way at $15 for old, and $16½@17 for new Mess. Beef is steady at $12@15 ℘ bbl for country and city packed Mess. Bacon moves off as wanted at 9@11c for Hams, and 6¼@6¾c for Shoulders. Nothing doing in Sides. Green Meats are more active, with sales of 2000 pkgs, mostly pickled Hams, at 8½@9c, salt do at 7½@7¾c; Shoulders 5¾@6c, and bulk Sides at 6½c ℘ ℔. Lard is firm, and about 1200 tcs and bbls, part to arrive, sold at 11½@12c; some country packed sold at 9½@10½c; hogs are worth 12½c. Butter continues scarce and high, packed selling at 18@20c, and Roll at 28@32c. Cheese is wanted at 14@15c, and Eggs at 20@21c ℘ dozen.

COTTON—The market is unsettled and 2@3c ℘ ℔ lower. Sales are limited to some 300 bales, in small lots mostly, at 80@86c for Middlings, cash, closing at 88@80c ℘ ℔.

ASHES are scarce, and selling as wanted at rather higher rates.

BARK—There is little or no Quercitron arriving, and 1st No 1 continues in demand and scarce at $37 ℘ ton. In Tanners' Bark we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX is better, and all offered, some 4000 ℔s has been taken at 45@47c ℘ ℔.

COAL—The market is unsettled and dull, with but little shipping except to supply the Government.

COFFEE—Sales reach some 900 bags, in lots, at 31@34c for Rio; 31@33c for Laguayra, and 31½@33c for Jamaica, cash and time. The bulk of the sales were of the former description, including 425 bags sold by auction at 29½c, cash.

COPPER is firm but quiet at the advance. Of Yellow Metal, prices are steady at 33c, 6 months, for sheets and bolts.

FEATHERS are dull, and selling in lots as wanted at 45@48c ℘ ℔.

FRUIT is steady, with further sales of Green Apples at $3@3,50 ℘ bbl; Dried do at 4@6c, and unpared Peaches at 6@10c ℘ ℔ for quarters and halves.

HAY is selling at 85@95c the 100 ℔s, and the market firm.

HEMP—There is little or none here out of the hands of manufacturers, and prices are unchanged.

HOPS are firm, with about the usual business to note at 27@30c ℘ ℔ for eastern and western, mostly at the latter figure.

IRON—There is a good demand for Pig Metal at fully former rates. Prices range at $36, $34, and $33 for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is firm and held at an advance. For manufactured iron the demand continues good, and prices firm.

LEAD is scarce, and Galena is held at 10½c ℘ ℔, which is above the views of buyers.

LUMBER—The active season has not yet opened, but the market is firm and prices tending upward.

MOLASSES—The market continues active and firm; some sales of clayed Cuba are reported at 37@42c; 600 hhds Muscovado do at 40@47c, all on time, and 610 bbls New Orleans, the latter by auction at 46@56c, cash.

PLASTER is wanted and very scarce, and soft is quoted at $5@5,50 ℘ ton; 100 tons sold to arrive at the latter figure.

RAGS—A sale of 70 bales Sicily was made on terms kept private.

RICE—The demand is very light, and the market quiet at 7¾@8¼c ℘ ℔ for East India.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and prices range at $6,50@7, and the market quiet. Some sales were made from second hands at $7,25. Timothy is steady at $2,75@3 ℘ bus. Flaxseed continues very scarce. Large sales of Calcutta Linseed have been made in Boston at $4,50 ℘ bus. 500 sacks Red Top sold at $2,75.

SPIRITS—The market for foreign is unsettled and the sales of Brandy and Gin limited. N E Rum is quiet at about 70c; Whiskey has been unsettled and drooping, with very little disposition to operate, and the sales limited at 50@55c for bbls, and 48@53c for Drudge, closing at the lowest figures.

SUGAR—The market has been quite active, with sales of about 3000 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 11@12½c, including New Orleans at 11½@12½c, chiefly on time; 800 bags Brazil also sold at 11½c, and 175 bbls common New Orleans at 7¾c, cash, the latter by auction.

TALLOW is unsettled and lower at the close, with sales of city at 12¾@13¼c, and country at 12c ℘ ℔.

TOBACCO—There is rather more doing in Leaf and prices are unsettled, with sales of Seedleaf at 20@25c; Manufactured continues scarce and high.

WOOL is firmer and rather scarce; sales to some extent are reported at 80@90c for coarse, and 90c@$1,05 for fine and tub, cash and time.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Near Croton, Iowa, on the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. G. C. Beamer, Mr. E. C. PYLE, to Miss ADDIE WICKERSHAM, both formerly of Penna.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. ALFRED RHOADS, of Bucks county, to Miss MARY E. ROBERTS, of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 8th of Feb. by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. ALBERT A. ULARY, to Miss ISABELLA ASPELL, both of Schuylkill Falls.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. FRANK M. DANSER, to Miss EMMA V. MCINTIRE, both of this city.

On the 18th of Nov., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMPSON HOPES, to Miss SARAH J. THOMAS, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, Mr. CHARLES V. ABBOTT, late Sergt. of Co. A, 3d regt. N. J. Vols. to Miss LIZZIE T. ROGERS, of Pittsburg, Pa.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. ROBT. T. GILL, to Miss SALLIE A. youngest daughter of Jas. M. Moore, both of this city.

On the 4th of Dec. last, by the Rev. Jos. Kennard, Mr. ALBERT S. BEVENS, Esq. to Miss VIRGINIA N. LACEY, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Lacey, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Portsmouth, R. I., Dec. 21st, Mr. EDMUND B. FREEBORN, aged 72 years.

I shall meet him again, the mourner said,
When she heard the tidings that told he was dead;
I shall meet him again to part no more,
With the loved and the blest who have gone before.
T. A. B.

On the 3d instant, CHARLES B. son of Isaac T. Jones, in his 23d year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. PHEBE HARTLA, relict of the late Henry Hartla, in her 59th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. LYDIA B. BEAMISH, wife of Lieut. Arthur B. Beamish, in her 26th year.

On the 2d instant, JOSEPH HAZEL, Sr., in his 89th year.

On the 1st instant, JOSEPH COLLISON, in his 42d year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. THOMAS BREARLAY, in his 35th year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM BROADBENT, in his 38th year.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH MORRIS, in her 64th year.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. GEORGE GALEN, in his 40th year.

On the 28th ultimo, JAMES GLASGOW, in his 85th year.

On the 27th ultimo, JANE NEELY, in her 22d year.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM HOSKINS, in his 57th year.

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jan3-3m

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GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about [illegible] head. The prices realized were from 7 to 10½ cts ℘ ℔. [illegible] Cows brought from $16 to 30 ℘ head. [illegible] Sheep were sold at 6@7½c ℘ ℔. [illegible] Hogs brought from $7,50 to 8,50 ℘ cwt net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, March 7, 1863.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Canada,	[illegible] prem.	Nebraska,	—
Connecticut,	½ dis.	New Brunswick,	[illegible]
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	[illegible]
Dist. of Columbia,	[illegible]	New Jersey, par to	[illegible]
Florida,	[illegible]	New York City,	[illegible]
Georgia,	[illegible]	New York State,	[illegible]
Illinois,	[illegible]	North Carolina,	[illegible]
Indiana,	½ to [illegible]	Nova Scotia,	[illegible]
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	[illegible]
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania, par to	[illegible]
Kentucky,	½ dis.	Rhode Island,	[illegible]
Louisiana,	[illegible] dis.	South Carolina,	[illegible]
Maine,	[illegible]	Tennessee,	[illegible] dis.
Maryland,	½ to [illegible] dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	½ dis.	Vermont,	½ dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	[illegible] dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	3 dis.
Mississippi,	—		

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feb28-4t

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jan3-3m

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DEACON & PETERSON,
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THE BEST IN USE.	☜
☞	THE GROVER AND BAKER
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES	☜
☞	HAVE TAKEN FIRST PREMIUMS
AT EVERY STATE FAIR	☜
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feb14-6t

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" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

WHAT IS IT?

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What changes red hair to a rich and sumptuous brown?
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What dye contains neither lime, lead, nor nitrate of silver?
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What dye gives the least trouble and is most quickly applied?
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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. feb21-eow2t

TOBACCO SEED, COTTON SEED, FLAX SEED—for sale at the Agricultural Warehouse of ROGERS & GEST,
feb28-eow4t No. 133 Market St., Phila.

Wit and Humor.

A SPURRING STORY.

Many years ago, in England, when travellers were went to journey on horseback, and sleep two in a bed at taverns, the following droll incident occurred at Chester:—

Two young bloods stopped at the Red Fox tavern, and while going up to bed late at night (it being hot weather,) they discovered the door of one of the bed-rooms open. It so happened that a Scotchman and Irishman were both asleep in the bed; and the Irishman had "kicked the kivver off," and one of his legs lay naked and nearly out of bed. "I'll have some sport now," said one of the bloods to his mate, "*if you'll* hold the light a minute." The candle was held while the young chap went in, and, taking up one of the Irishman's spurs (travellers on horseback were spurs in those days,) buckled it on the heel of paddy's naked foot. He then gave Paddy's leg a pinch, and hid himself behind the door. Paddy (though not awakened) drew his leg suddenly back, and in this way sadly damaged the Scotchman's naked leg with the spur. "The de'el d—n you," exclaimed Donald, rubbing his leg, "an' ef ye dinna gang out o' bed and cut yer toe nails, I'll soon be gettin' up and trow yer oot th' window, yer loot!" The Irishman still slept soundly, and soon put his leg back in its old position, when the young joker who had put on the spur stole up to the bed and pinched his leg the second time. In went the leg again, the spur striking the Scotchman's leg, who now got in a terrible passion, and began to pummel Paddy, exclaiming as usual "Get oot o' bed and cut yer toe nails, ye loot! do you fash a Christian mon to stan' such a rough diggin'?" This waked up the Irishman, who at that moment bringing the spur to bear on his own other leg, vaulted out of bed. Having procured a light, he looked down at the spur with the greatest astonishment. "By me sowl!" said he, "what a stupid fool is the hostler of this inn; sure an' he tuk off me boots whin I wint to bed, and has left on one ov me spurs. Strange it is I didn't notice it." This explanation being satisfactory to Donald, harmony was restored, while the author of the mischief sneaked out of the room to his own nest.

HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE.

John W—— was, or is, a genius. He made quite a pile in the Mexican war, and invested it in a canal boat, running on the Ohio canal. John was a bachelor, but in course of time was smitten by the little god. An old farmer who lived in the "heal" path, near Massillon, had two rosy-cheeked daughters, but all attempts to gain an introduction by their admirers were foiled by the old man. But John was not discouraged.

A large chunk of beef brought off the mastiff, and John proceeded to deliberately appropriate the various articles hanging on the clothes line. Chemisettes and stockings, breeches, shirts and things were crowded in glorious confusion into the capacious bag carried by John on this occasion. They were brought aboard the boat and placed in the "bow cabin," to pave the way to an introduction on the return trip.

A week after the boat passed the farmhouse, on its way South; and John jumped ashore and went to the house. He represented that one of the drivers had stolen the clothing, that he had discharged him, and desired to restore the articles. The young ladies were delighted, as the sack contained all their Sunday fixings. The old man said:

"I always thought that all the boatmen would steal; and I am delighted to find one honest one. You must call again, Captain."

The Captain did call again, and soon after married the "youngest."

On the wedding night he told his wife the *ruse* he had used to gain an introduction, and the old man gave orders that no more clothing should be left "out 'o nights."

A STORY OF AN ECHO.

A few years ago the following incident occurred in Baltimore, during the session of a religious convention. An English clergyman—a little, red-haired, waspish man of God—got on his legs for the purpose of delivering a great speech. Echo came to the rescue of his American friends, and the following amusing colloquy ensued:—

Clergyman.—"Mr. Chairman."

Echo.—"Mr. Chairman."

Clergyman.—"I have the floor, sir."

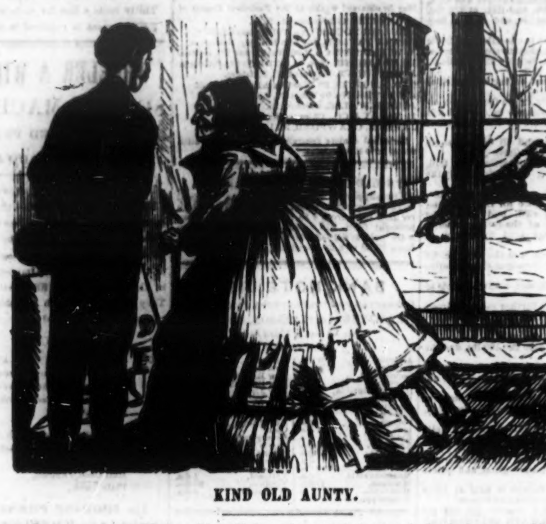
Echo.—"I have the floor, sir."

Clergyman.—"Do you mean to insult me?"

Echo.—"Do you mean to insult me?"

By this time the whole audience was in a roar, and the enraged little Englishman flopped down into his seat, muttering anathemas against the ill-manners of American conventions.

☞ SAVAGE.—Gail Hamilton says—"I think I could commit a murder with less hesitation than some people buy a ninepenny calico."



KIND OLD AUNTY.

OLD LADY OF PROPERTY (to her Nephew, Lieut. Skelter, who expects to come in for the best part of his aunt's money).—"So I applied to the butcher, my dear, and he's sent me a noble dog; but what I want now, my dear, is to have him unchained, and then for you to slip out, and come over the garden wall like a thief or a robber, for me to see if he's faithful!—One of the men-servants, my dear?—Bless you, a pack o' cowards, afraid o' their lives of him: besides, my dear, he knows 'em, and wouldn't hurt 'em; but I thought, my dear, as you'd gone into the army, you wouldn't mind!"

[But the gallant Lieutenant was also a judge of bull terriers, and didn't seem to see it.

"KITTY PALMER."

[This is the inscription on an old headstone in Dulwich churchyard:—]

But "Kitty Palmer"—not a word
Beyond—the mossy headstone's showing.
Not even a date; it seems absurd
To care for one we can't be knowing.
Yet I can't help it; she lies nigh
The quiet road I travel often,
And always when I pass her by,
Towards Kitty there my heart will soften.

There's nothing there her age to say,
Young? old?—all's hid by time's thick curtain.
Was she a babe, scarce born a day?
A girl? a woman?—all's uncertain.
Was she maid, wife, or widow—well,
That knowledge—we must do without it;
We know there's nothing here to tell,
And that's all we can know about it.

What were her conquests?—did she reign,
A child, but in her home's affections,
Or, older grown, seek not in vain
Heart-triumphs, for sweet recollections?
Was she vain? humble? foolish? wise?
Rich? poor? coy? bold? quite dull? or witty?
Oh, were you wicked with your eyes,
A plague to men?—I hope not, Kitty!

Did children make her smile or sigh,
A blessed or afflicted mother?
Did she at weddings laugh? or try,
By death-beds, sobs in vain to smother?
At her grandchildren's christenings, eyes,
Half tears—half laughter, did she show now?
Or weep their flight to Paradise
From cradles here?—ah, who can know now!

Yet still my fancy will go on
About this long gone Kitty dreaming.
She, freed from all we think upon
Of worldly toils, and cares, and scheming.
Whatever she was, here's her rest—
How pleasantly these green elms shade it:
How calm and throbless is her breast,
However wild or sad life made it!

Ah! you who here are writing this,
And dream, perhaps, in future story
Your name may live—who, catch or miss,
Snatch at a little gleam of glory,
Is it so much that men should know
Your words years hence!—nay, man, breathe calmer!
Will you not sleep as well below
The grass, forgot like Kitty Palmer!

W. C. B.

A VERY COSTLY SMOKE-HOUSE.—An intelligent and economical gentleman of Rochester, has just built a three thousand dollar smoke-house! He was induced to do so for the following reasons:—Finding many years ago, that the habit of smoking tobacco was injuring his health, he discontinued the practice, although it cost him many a severe effort. He was subsequently encouraged, however, at the pecuniary saving it was constantly effecting. By an accurate arithmetical calculation, he ascertained that the daily cost of cigars, with annual interest, and compound interest, that is, with the interest placed out again on interest, would amount to over three thousand dollars in twenty years. Having already effected this saving, he concluded to build a handsome dwelling. His friends often inquiring, "How can you afford to build so good a house?" He invariably answered, "This is my smoke-house—the amount I have saved in not puffing $3,000 to the wind."

Agricultural.

"WHAT BREED OF SHEEP SHALL I KEEP?"

During the past year, on account of the great demand for the army, coarse long wool brought an unusually high price. How long this demand may continue is uncertain. If we might calculate on anything like the present relative price of long and fine wool, we should be entirely safe in saying that the long-wooled sheep would prove the most profitable in all sections of the country where mutton is in demand.

In saying this we do not wish to be understood as asserting that, leaving the mutton out of the calculation, more wool can be obtained at a given cost from the long-wooled sheep than from the Merinos, for we do not think such is the case. Other things being equal, sheep undoubtedly consume food in proportion to their live weight; and as the long wooled sheep are fully double the size of Merinos, and as they do not yield double the amount of wool, it follows that, leaving the mutton out of the question, a pound of wool cannot be produced from the long-wooled sheep as cheaply as from the Merinos.

There can be no doubt of the truth of this proposition, if it is a fact—which we think will not be denied—that fine-wooled sheep, in proportion to their live weight, produce more wool than the large long-wooled mutton sheep.

But of course it is not fair to leave the mutton out of the calculation. There is an increasing demand for mutton of good quality in our large cities, and the price is approximating more closely to that of beef. In the English market mutton brings fully as high a price as beef, while with us mutton is generally one-third lower and frequently one-half the price of beef. As the quality of our mutton improves, there can be but little doubt that the price will advance. Now there can be no question that the large long-wooled sheep will afford more mutton in proportion to the food consumed than the Merinos; and where the principal object is the production of mutton, the large English sheep are unquestionably the most profitable breed to keep.

The advantages of the Merinos are: 1. They produce more *wool* for the food consumed; and 2, their wool usually commands a much higher price.

The advantages of the long-wooled sheep are: 1. They afford more mutton for the food consumed; and 2, the mutton usually brings a much higher price.

Under ordinary circumstances it is not easy to determine which of these two classes of sheep are on the whole most profitable. As before said, it depends much on the character of the soil, on the location, the system of agriculture, the proximity to market, and on the taste of the breeder. So far as our own taste is concerned, we should much prefer the large sheep, because we are better acquainted with their peculiarities, management, &c. We are of the opinion, too, that they are in this vicinity, where there is an increasing demand for good mutton, and where a mixed system of agriculture is adopted, the most profitable. We think this is the case even when their wool sells at the same relative price as previous to the war.

At the present time, however, their wool commands nearly or quite as high a price as the fine wool; and as long as this is the case, the long-wooled, mutton sheep are much the more profitable breed of sheep.

It may be asked what we mean by the long-wooled sheep. In England sheep are generally classed as "Long-Wools" and "Short-Wools." The former include the Leicester, Lincoln and Cotswold; the latter the different varieties of the South Down, such as the Sussex, Hampshire and Shropshire Downs.

In our previous remarks we have not made this distinction. We have alluded to them all as long-wooled mutton sheep. In comparing them with the Merinos it may be well to designate all the English sheep as "Coarse Wools" and the Merinos as "Fine Wools."

We think that so long as the present price of coarse wool is maintained the English sheep are most profitable. But we would not advise those who have Fine Wools to dispose of them and purchase Coarse Wools; for by the time they have raised a flock of Coarse Wools, fine wool may and probably will be again in demand.

In fact, even now American manufacturers are stopping work on army blankets and other coarse wool fabrics, and are running on fine wool; and a manufacturer recently remarked to us that we should do farmers a great injustice by recommending coarse-wooled sheep.—*Genesee Farmer.*

THE BEST FRUITS.

We have for some twenty or twenty-five years endeavored to induce those of our readers who had ground at their disposal, to CULTIVATE FRUIT. We not only told them what to do, but as soon as we possessed land of our own we did ourself that which we recommended to others; and now we have as good fruit for a small place as any one could desire. Raising fruit, with the general farmer, needs but little labor and expense, indeed it ought to be, and would be, were it followed more universally, a pleasure and a pride; especially should this be the case upon town lots and small places in the country, usually occupied by mechanics and factory operatives. Besides this fruit-raising could be made a source of considerable profit, providing funds for many a little family comfort now either deprived of, or drawn from the daily wages.

We present below a short list of the different kinds of fruit, all of which, with the exception of the apples and peaches, we produce upon our own premises. One dozen varieties of pears, and six of apples, are all-sufficient, provided they are the best adapted to the soil and locality—a fact which each one, upon trial, must judge for himself. We shall change this list, add to or take from it, whenever our experience shall justify it, without regard to the opinions of those who set themselves up as judges in Israel.

Low, heavy soils are not so well adapted to fruit-raising as hillsides or ground that is moderately elevated and light. It may be taken as a rule, we think, that soil which will produce a good crop of Indian corn will answer equally well for the tree fruits. We pay but little attention to the complicated theories and elaborate explanations and descriptions of scientific pomologists. Common-sense, founded upon daily experience and observation, is all the theory and practice necessary to successful fruit-culture.

According to our present preference, we should select the following twelve varieties of pears for our own planting, viz.:

STANDARD PEARS.

1. Early Catherine,
2. Bloodgood,
3. Rostiezer,
4. Tyson,
5. Bartlett,
6. Seckel,
7. Belle Lucrative,
8. Sheldon,
9. Beurre d'Anjou,
10. Lawrence,
11. Winter Nelis,
12. Chessaria.

Except the last, which is unknown to modern pomologists, they can all be obtained of most of the nurserymen advertising in our columns.

THE BEST SIX DWARF PEARS.

1. Ott,
2. Bartlett,
3. Sheldon,
4. Vicar,
5. Boussock,
6. Belle Lucrative.

THE BEST SIX APPLES.

1. Maiden's Blush,
2. Baldwin,
3. L. I. Russett,
4. Jefferis,
5. Smith's Cider,
6. Northern Spy.

THE BEST SIX PEACHES.

1. Crawford's Early,
2. George IV.,
3. Morris White,
4. Oldmixon (free,)
5. Oldmixon (cling,)
6. Bergen's Yellow.

THE BEST SIX GRAPES.

1. Concord,
2. Maxatawny,
3. Delaware,
4. Diana,
5. Union Village,
6. Hartford Prolific.

THE BEST SIX CHERRIES.

1. May Duke,
2. Early Richmond,
3. Black Tartarian,
4. Black Eagle,
5. Telegraph,
6. Elton.

THE BEST FOUR RASPBERRIES.

1. Brincle's Orange,
2. Hornet,
3. Catawissa,
4. Hudson River.

THE BEST FOUR STRAWBERRIES.

1. White Pine Apple,
2. Triomphe de Gand,
3. Hovey's Seedling,
4. Albany Seedling.

CURRANTS.

1. Black Naples,
2. Red Dutch.

GOOSEBERRIES.

1. Houghton's Seedling.

BLACKBERRIES.

1. New Rochelle.

Those who adopt the above list, or any portion of it, will be able to boast of at least some of the best fruits cultivated.

It is better that those who intend to plant out fruit-trees the coming season, should take the list with them to the nursery, *and stick to it.—Germantown Telegraph.*

Useful Receipts.

HAIR OIL.—The best hair oil is said to be made by mixing high proofed alcohol and cold pressed castor oil. These ingredients are the base of all the celebrated hair tonics.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—A farmer furnishes to an exchange the following statement. Its truth we do not endorse—but the specific has the merit of being harmless if not effective:—"It is now over twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing that it would cure any other poison. Practice, observation and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind, both man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in his house. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse requires eight times as much as it does a man. Here let me say of one of the most extreme cases of snake-bite in this neighborhood; eleven years ago this summer, where the case had been over thirty days' standing, and the patient had been given up by his physicians; I heard of it, carried the oil, gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure bloat in cattle caused by eating too freely of fresh clover; it will cure sting of bees, spider, or other insects; and it will also cure persons who have been poisoned by a low, running vine, growing in meadows, called ivy."

GERMAN PUFFS.—Eight spoonsful of flour (not heaped) 7 eggs well beaten—1 qt. of milk—to be baked in tea cups two-thirds full in a quick oven 15 minutes. To be served with sauce or sugar and butter beaten together.

MUSH, MUSH CAKES, AND FRIED MUSH.—Stir corn meal into boiling water till sufficiently thick. Add salt; keep stirring it to prevent its being lumpy. It should boil nearly 1 hour. Pour it out in pans, and when cold it makes a wholesome and good dessert, if sliced and fried. Eat it with sugar and cream, or butter and molasses.

MUSH CAKES.—Take 1 quart cold mush, mix in it ½ pint wheat flour, and a little butter or lard; make it in little cakes with your hands. Flour them and bake on a griddle as slab cake, or in the oven.

CORN BATTER CAKES.—One quart milk; 3 eggs; salt, and as much sifted corn meal as will make a thin batter; beat well together, with 1 table-spoonful wheat flour; bake in small cakes, and serve hot.

CORNMEAL CAKE, IN TINS.—One quart meal; 1 pint boiling milk; 1 teaspoonful salt; a teaspoonful soda; set it to rise in a warm place; beat 3 eggs and put in; a little cream of tartar. Bake in tins, and cut in squares for the table.

CAKE, WITHOUT EGGS.—Pour sufficient boiling water over stale bread to soften it; mash it through a colander, and add as much wheat flour as bread, and as much milk as will make it as thick as batter usually is; 1 teaspoonful soda; 2 cream of tartar. Bake immediately.

☞ Bring your virtues to the touchstone to try their truth, rather than to the balance to try their measure.

☞ When people are crazy to marry they attach no consequence to consequences.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 1, 25, 3, 9, 15, is a notorious rebel General.
My 29, 17, 7, 32, 2, 3, 21, 6, 24, is the largest island in the world.
My 19, 10, 34, is an instrument used by gardeners.
My 13, 20, 4, is a trusty animal.
My 5, 24, 11, 31, is a place of confinement.
My 8, 17, 28, 18, 35, 27, 3, is a kingdom.
My 16, 14, 17, 4, 19, 33, is purchased.
My 30, 8, 26, 31, is necessary in fishing.
My 12, 34, 31, 35, is an animal hunted for food.
My 25, 31, 21, 23, is a very important person.
My 22, 10, 11, 22, is essential to life.

My whole is a trite proverb, at present quite applicable in the army of the South-West.

Prompton, Pa. VICKIE SPENCER.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.

My 3, 7, 47, 14, was a King of Israel.
My 9, 23, 40, 5, is the father of Shechem.
My 4, 21, 19, 40, 13, is what the Jews were forbidden to eat.
My 44, 7, 45, 47, 6, 28, anointed 3, 7, 38, 14.
My 31, 23, 48, 1, 15, 5, was a Queen.
My 32, 35, 13, called 30, 46, 3, 6, 44 up to 42, 2, 24, 29, 11.
My 49, 43, 28, 10, 2, 29, 42, was a priest.
My 39, 36, 11, 6, 41, was 18, 5, 38, 18, 2, 22, 2, 34, 28 with Christ.
My 17, 2, 8, 25, 11, 16, 15, 22, was a people of Canaan.
My 26, 20, 5, 37, 12, was a priest.

My whole is a verse in Job.

Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ill. WM. VASEY.

TRIPLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A collection of poems.
A terrible thing!
A possessor.
A town of Italy.
Moisture.

My initials, centrals and finals form three distinct weapons.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find four positive integral cube numbers, whose sum shall be a cube; the sum of every three of them a cube, and the sum of every two of them a square?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A spring scale with its contents weighs 60 lbs, and is suspended by 3 chains, 3 feet long, which unite in one point of suspension, and terminate in three points of the scale, at the equal distance of 12 inches from each other. Required—the stress on each chain? VERONA.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What kind of tables are most used in the world? Ans.—*Vege*-tables, *ea*-tables, *cost*-tables.

☞ CON. BY A COCKNEY CONTRIBUTOR.—What is the difference between a bomb and a hangman? Ans.—One is a *shell* and the other a *hoister*.

☞ What are you sure to get if you upset a hive? Ans.—Bees' whacks!

☞ Why is a woman deformed when she is mending stockings? Ans.—Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.

☞ Why is love like a canal boat? Ans.—Because it is an internal transport.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin!" PUZZLE.—Read the verses in this order—1st line, 3rd line, 2nd line, 4th line. DOUBLE REBUS.—W. S. Rosecrans, "Old Hold Fast." (Wo, Savastopol, Rod, Oh, Solferino, Evil, Clod, Reef, Asa, Nevertheless, Street.

Answer to QUESTION by Frederick K. Ployer, published January 31.—41569.9193816 cubic inches. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Same answer given by R. Barto, Lebanon Co., Pa.

Answer to GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM by Capt. L. B. Chester, published January 31.—If the box has a lid, its depth, inside measurement, will be 22.396 inches, and it will hold [illegible] gallons of water. But if it be made without a lid, it will be 25.450 inches deep, inside measurement, and will hold 71.395 gallons of water. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

R. Barto, Lebanon Co., Pa., and Morgan Stevens, Iowa, send as answer to the above: Height of box, 26.39685 inches; and will contain 45.63490 gallons of water. While the author sends as answer: Height of box, 25,451 inches, and contains 20.96001216 gallons, wine measure.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, published February 7th.—15 feet 1.944 inches.

Rome, Ind. G. P. H.

☞ Law is the buoy of the good citizen, the rock of the bad one.